



RIDE THRILLING WESTERN TRAILS WITH THE **VIGILANTE**



52 BIG
PAGES

ACTION COMICS

*Boyd
Adams*

NO.155

APR.

10c

In this issue:
SUPERMAN
SOLVES
"The
COVERGIRL
MYSTERY!"

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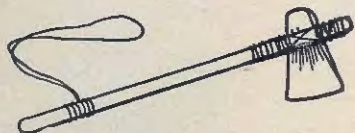
OF THE MONTH





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EXCITING
MAGAZINE!



ON SALE



P.S. TOMAHAWK
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EVERYWHERE!

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SUPERMAN



IT WAS ONLY ONE OF HUNDREDS OF MAGAZINE COVERS GRACED BY A PRETTY FACE, YET IT CONTAINED THE ANSWER TO A SERIES OF MYSTERIOUS MURDER ATTEMPTS. WHAT PUZZLING CLUE WAS HIDDEN IN A PHOTO OF THE LOVELY SPIRAL STORM? READ HOW IT SENT **SUPERMAN** ACROSS MILES OF OCEAN IN PURSUIT OF ONE FALSE SUSPECT AFTER ANOTHER, AS HE BROUGHT ALL HIS MIGHTY POWERS INTO PLAY IN AN EFFORT TO FIND THE KEY TO...

"THE Cover Girl MYSTERY!"

Prologue

AS PRESIDENT OF THE MAGAZINE AND NEWS ASSOCIATION, PERRY WHITE, DAILY PLANET EDITOR, MANAGES THE ASSOCIATION'S ANNUAL COVER GIRL BEAUTY CONTEST TO BE JUDGED BY ANDREW ARVIN, NEW OWNER OF ORCHID COSMETICS...

...BUT SIX HOURS BEFORE THE CONTEST, IN PERRY WHITE'S PRIVATE OFFICE...

I HATE DOING THIS AT THE LAST MINUTE, PERRY, BUT I'M WITHDRAWING AS JUDGE OF THIS CONTEST!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, ARVIN... HOW'LL WE GET SOMEONE ELSE TO REPLACE YOU ON SUCH SHORT NOTICE? OH--CLARK!



AND WHEN REPORTER CLARK KENT ARRIVES...

CLARK, DO A BRIEF STORY ON ARVIN'S WITHDRAWAL AS CONTEST JUDGE... MAYBE RUN A SMALL PHOTO OF HIM WITH THE STORY, AND...

WAIT! I--I-- WELL--



I SUPPOSE IT *IS* UNFAIR OF ME TO WITHDRAW AT THE LAST MOMENT, ESPECIALLY SINCE THE ASSOCIATION MEANT TO *HONOR* ME BY ITS CHOICE! SO EVEN THOUGH I CONSIDER IT *UNDIGNIFIED*, I'LL SERVE AS CONTEST JUDGE!

WELL -- THAT'S MORE LIKE IT!



SHORTLY AFTER ARVIN'S DEPARTURE...

AN ODD MAN, THAT ARVIN... SUDDENLY DECIDES JUDGING A BEAUTY CONTEST IS UNDIGNIFIED! NO ONE KNOWS MUCH ABOUT HIM OTHER THAN HIS BEING HEAD OF *ORCHID COSMETICS*! BUT SINCE EVERYTHING'S SETTLED, HOW ABOUT GETTING A REPORT FROM LOIS?

RIGHT, CHIEF!



LOIS SURE HAS IT SOFT ON THIS ASSIGNMENT -- LIVING THE LIFE OF A COVER GIRL, WITH NOTHING TO DO BUT LOOK GLAMOROUS AND BE PHOTOGRAPHED SO THE PAPER CAN RUN AN INSIDE YARN ON COVER GIRLS, IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE CONTEST!



LATER, AS CLARK ARRIVES AT THE FLAT LOIS SHARES WITH ANOTHER COVER GIRL, GLAMOROUS SPIRAL STORM...

LOIS WILL BE WITH YOU AS SOON AS SHE SHAKES THAT PHOTOGRAPHER, DE VERE, WHO'S BEEN PESTERING ME WITH PHONE CALLS ALL MORNING!

THANKS, SPIRAL!

I'M SORRY! SPIRAL SAYS SHE DOESN'T WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU, NO MATTER HOW IMPORTANT IT IS! SO FOR THE LAST TIME--GOODBYE!

WHEW! LET'S ALL THREE OF US HAVE LUNCH OUTSIDE, BEFORE THAT MADMAN STARTS PHONING AGAIN!

GOOD IDEA, LOIS! HE PROBABLY WANTS ME TO POSE FOR HIM AGAIN, BUT I WORKED FOR THAT TEMPERMENTAL CHARACTER JUST ONCE--AND THAT WAS ENOUGH!



BUT SOON AFTER, AS THE THREE STROLL TOWARD A RESTAURANT...

AH--AT LAST I HAVE CATCH YOU!

DE VERE! OH, CLARK--DO SOMETHING!



NOW LOOK HERE! IF YOU DON'T STOP ANNOYING...

SPIRAL, I WARN YOU! THIS IS A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH!



ONE SIDE, OFFSPRING OF A GNAT! SPIRAL--COME BACK! YOU WILL REGRET THIS FOOLISHNESS!



AH--IT IS NO USE! SHE WILL NOT LISTEN TO ME!

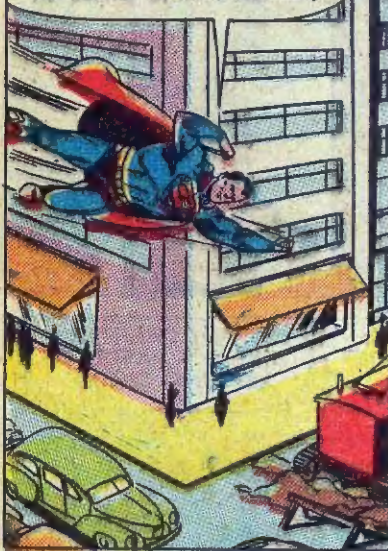
THE BIG APE! HE RUINED YOUR CLOTHES AND SCARED SPIRAL OUT OF HER WITS!

I'LL HAVE TO GO HOME AND CHANGE. YOU GO CATCH SPIRAL, LOIS, AND STICK WITH HER!



AS LOIS STARTS AFTER SPIRAL, CLARK SLIPS INTO A CONVENIENT DOORWAY DOFFS HIS OUTER GARMENTS AND EMERGES AS **SUPERMAN, THE MAN OF STEEL!**

WHILE LOIS CALMS SPIRAL DOWN, I'LL CIRCLE AROUND, FIND THAT PHOTOGRAPHER AND WARN HIM TO LEAVE SPIRAL ALONE!



BUT SUDDENLY...

GREAT SCOTT! A RUNAWAY TRUCK--ABOUT TO HIT SPIRAL! AND NOT AN INSTANT TO SPARE UNLESS--WAIT A MINUTE.... THAT DERRICK...



INSTANTLY, **SUPERMAN SWOOPS DOWN, AND...**

JUST LIKE HOOKING A TROUT! A FLIP OF THE WRIST, AND HERE IT COMES...



...RIGHT INTO MY ARMS!

THEN, AS HE QUESTIONS SPIRAL ABOUT HER NARROW ESCAPE...

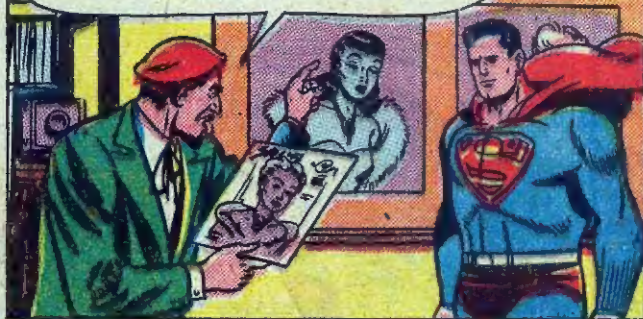
YOU THINK SOMEONE MAY HAVE RELEASED THOSE TRUCK-BRAKES DELIBERATELY? I'LL BET IT WAS THAT MADMAN--DE YERE!

THE FAMOUS PHOTOGRAPHER, EH? GUESS I'LL PAY HIM A LITTLE VISIT AND HEAR WHAT HE HAS TO SAY ABOUT YOUR ACCUSATION!



REACHING DE VERE'S STUDIO, **SUPERMAN** GETS A STRANGE REPLY FROM THE ECCENTRIC PHOTOGRAPHER...

DID I NOT TRY TO **WARN** SPIRAL OF DANGER? LAST WEEK, WHILE PHOTOGRAPHING HER FOR A MAGAZINE COVER, I HAD HER WEAR THIS EXOTIC PIN, ACCIDENTALLY LEFT HERE BY ANOTHER MODEL! THIS MORNING, THE OTHER MODEL SEES HER PIN ON THE MAGAZINE COVER...

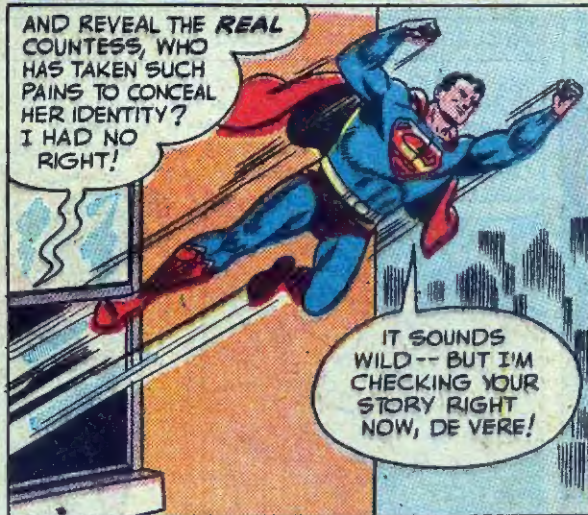


...AND COMES HERE FURIOUS! WHY? SHE CONFESSES SHE'S THE REFUGEE **COUNTESS OF FRANCONIA**, WHOM FRANCONIAN ASSASSINS WOULD KNOW ONLY BY **THIS PIN!** SO THEY MIGHT SEEK TO KILL SPIRAL BY MISTAKE!

THEN WHY DIDN'T YOU INFORM THE POLICE?



AND REVEAL THE **REAL** COUNTESS, WHO HAS TAKEN SUCH PAINS TO CONCEAL HER IDENTITY? I HAD NO RIGHT!



IT SOUNDS WILD -- BUT I'M CHECKING YOUR STORY RIGHT NOW, DE VERE!

MOMENTS LATER, AT THE HOME OF THE COUNTESS...

DE VERE SPEAKS THE TRUTH! HER HIGHNESS, HERE, WORE THIS **UNDER HER COAT** TO DE VERE'S STUDIO -- AND AFTER REMOVING IT TO POSE, SHE FORGOT TO PUT IT BACK ON! SHE HAS DISPLAYED IT BUT ONCE BEFORE IN PUBLIC -- AT LAST MONTH'S **MODELS' MASQUERADE BALL...**



...BUT THERE, SHE WAS WEARING A MASK ANYWAY, AND IT DID NOT MATTER!

SO THE BEST PROTECTION FOR SPIRAL, AS WELL AS THE COUNTESS, IS TO FIND THOSE FRANCONIAN CONSPIRATORS! WELL -- I'LL DO MY BEST!



AU REVOIR, SUPERMAN!



FIRST, I'LL PHONE LOIS AND WARN HER TO **HIDE** SPIRAL, IN CASE THOSE CONSPIRATORS TRY AGAIN! THEN, I'LL GET BUSY TRACKING THEM DOWN!

BUT HOW DOES ONE FIND A HANDFUL OF ASSASSINS IN TEEMING METROPOLIS? SUPERMAN HAS HIS OWN SIMPLE METHODS...

SURE, SUPERMAN... TAKE ANYTHING YOU WANT... BUT WHAT GOOD'S THAT USELESS JUNK TO YOU?

THERE'S JUST A CHANCE IT'LL HELP ME LOCATE SOME LOCAL AGENTS OF A CERTAIN SMALL-FRY DICTATOR IN A COUNTRY CALLED FRANCONIA!



SECONDS LATER, AS THE MAN OF STEEL HEADS SWIFTLY ACROSS THE OCEAN...

THE OFFICIAL FRANCONIAN FILE I WANT IS PROBABLY IN A **LEAD-LINED VAULT**, WHICH MY **X-RAY VISION** CAN'T PENETRATE... SO THIS GADGET I'M SHAPING WILL HELP DIVERT THE GUARDS WHILE I BREAK IN!



ARRIVING IN TINY, DICTATOR-RIDDEN FRANCONIA, HE SLIPS INTO A CORRIDOR OF THE BUILDING CONTAINING THE OFFICIAL FILES, AND...

THIS GADGET, SPINNING, WILL RESEMBLE LAGUEILLE, THE LOCAL DICTATOR, AND GIVES OFF A SIREN-LIKE WAIL THAT'LL ATTRACT THE GUARDS!



AND AS THE GUARDS COME RUSHING OUT...

THE SOUND COMES FROM THERE! HUH? IT IS OUR GREAT LEADER LAGUEILLE!

A--A SPINNING IMAGE OF THE LEADER! WHAT CAN THIS MEAN?

NOW'S MY CHANCE TO SNEAK PAST THEM!



WHAT CAN IT BE? I--OW! IT SPINS SO FAST, THE BULLET GLANCES OFF!

HOLD YOUR FIRE, FOOL! THE CHIEF MINISTER MUST BE CONSULTED ON WHETHER IT IS PROPER TO FIRE AT THE IMAGE OF OUR GREAT LEADER!



MEANWHILE, IN THE DESERTED INNER-ROOM, SUPERMAN'S X-RAY VISION REVEALS THE COMBINATION OF THE GIGANTIC VAULT THAT GUARDS THE STATE PAPERS...



AH--NOW I'VE GOT IT! MUST WORK FAST... IF ONE OF THOSE GUARDS SHOULD STEP BACK IN HERE AND DISCOVER ME, IT WOULD CREATE AN EMBARRASSING INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT!

BUT WHEN HE FINALLY LOCATES THE NECESSARY FILE...

HUH? ACCORDING TO THIS, ALL FRANCONIAN AGENTS IN THE U.S. RETURNED HOME LAST WEEK, IN ORDER NOT TO EMBARRASS FRANCONIAN NEGOTIATIONS FOR AN AMERICAN LOAN! THAT MEANS FRANCONIAN AGENTS COULDN'T POSSIBLY HAVE MADE THAT ATTEMPT ON SPIRAL'S LIFE!



AN INSTANT LATER, STREAKING PAST THE GUARDS IN THE CORRIDOR AT INVISIBLE *SUPER-SPEED*...

THEY'RE STILL MYSTIFIED BY THAT GADGET! WE'LL, I'LL LEAVE THEM MYSTIFIED--AND AFTER SOME HOURS, WHEN THE FORCE OF MY SPIN DIES DOWN, LET *THEM* FIGURE OUT WHAT HAPPENED!



AND EN ROUTE BACK TO METROPOLIS...

ALL I CAN FIGURE NOW IS THAT MAYBE IT WAS DE VERE WHO TRIED TO KILL SPIRAL--FOR PERSONAL REASONS--AND THEN COVERED HIMSELF BY BLAMING THE FRANCONIAN CONSPIRATORS! WELL--THIS TIME, I'LL GET THE TRUTH FROM HIM!



BUT AN EVEN BIGGER SURPRISE AWAITS THE *MAN OF STEEL* AT DE VERE'S STUDIO...

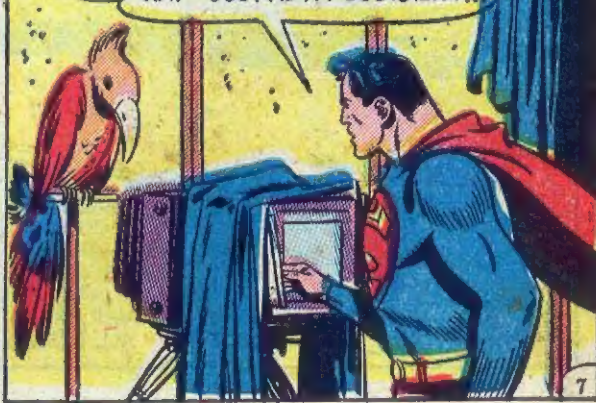
HOLY SMOKES! THE DOOR SMASHED... THE PLACE TURNED UPSIDE DOWN... AND DE VERE GONE! SOMEONE ATTACKED *HIM*, TOO! WHAT CAN THIS MEAN?



HMM... THEY ALSO YANKED OUT THE WHOLE FILE ON DRUCILLA RHODES--THE PROFESSIONAL NAME THE COUNTLESS USES FOR MODELLING! AND IT OBVIOUSLY HAPPENED AFTER THE FIGHT, SINCE THE STUFF IS LYING ON THE *SIDE* OF THIS OVERTURNED TABLE!



WHAT A TANGLE! DE VERE WAS PROBABLY PHOTOGRAPHING THAT BIRD WHEN SOMEONE BURST IN AND ATTACKED HIM! BUT WHY?... *WHY?* I'LL TAKE THIS FILM PACK ALONG AND DEVELOP IT, ANYWAY--JUST AS A POSSIBILITY...



IF DE VERE WAS REALLY AFTER SPIRAL-- THEN WHO WAS AFTER DE VERE? AND WHAT DID THEY WANT WITH HIS FILES ON THE **COUNTESS**? WITH THE FRANCONIANS RULED OUT, I'M MORE BEWILDERED THAN EVER! I'D BETTER QUESTION THE COUNTESS--AT ONCE!

BUT OUTSIDE THE COUNTESS' APARTMENT HOUSE...

WHY, MISS RHODES LEFT 20 MINUTES AGO FOR THE **COVER GIRL BEAUTY CONTEST**, AT GRANT PARK! I PUT HER INTO THE CAB MYSELF!

OH, YES--OF COURSE... BUT I CAN PROBABLY CATCH UP WITH HER ON THE WAY!

AND AS SUPERMAN FOLLOWS THE AUTO ROUTE TO GRANT PARK, HIS EYES ALERT FOR A CAB CARRYING THE COUNTESS...

HUH? IS THAT DRAWBRIDGE OPERATOR CRAZY? THAT BUS AND CAB ARE TRAPPED ON THE SPAN! AND--WHY-- WHY--**THE COUNTESS IS INSIDE THAT CAB!**

IMMEDIATELY, HE RIPS THE NEARER SPAN FROM ITS MOORINGS, AND...

IF I GRAB THE BUS BEFORE IT HITS THE WATER, THERE WON'T BE TIME TO REACH THE CAB, TOO--SO I'LL HAVE TO USE THIS TO SAVE THEM BOTH AT THE SAME TIME!

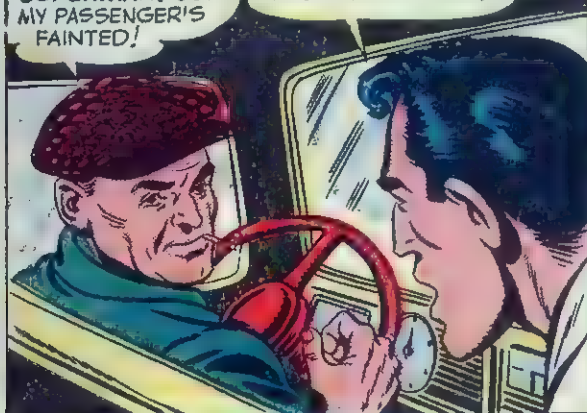
IN ONE SWIFT THRUST, SUPERMAN SLIDES THE SPAN UNDER THE VEHICLES BEFORE THEY CAN HURTLE INTO THE WATER!

MADE IT! NOW TO LET THEM GET SAFELY TO THE OPPOSITE BANK, AND MAKE SURE EVERYONE'S ALL RIGHT!

PRESENTLY...

YOU SURE SAVED US THAT TIME, **SUPERMAN!** BUT MY PASSENGER'S FAINTED!

LOOK AFTER HER, WILL YOU? I'VE GOT TO RESTORE THE SPAN AND SEE WHAT MADE THE BRIDGE OPERATOR DO THIS INSANE THING!



AND IN THE BRIDGE CONTROL TOWER...

THREE MASKED MEN OVERPOWERED ME! THEN, WHEN A CERTAIN CAB THEY WERE WAITING FOR REACHED THE BRIDGE CENTER, THEY **DELIBERATELY RAISED THE BRIDGE!**

GREAT SCOTT! SO

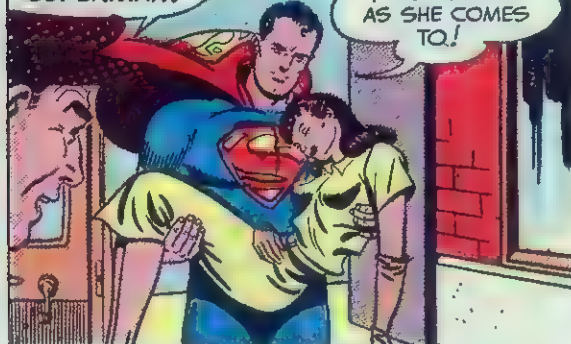
SOMEONE'S AFTER THE COUNTESS, AFTER ALL!



BEWILDERED BY THE MYSTERIOUS SERIES OF ATTACKS, **SUPERMAN** RETURNS TO THE COUNTESS' CAB, WHERE...

SHE'S STIRRING A LITTLE, **SUPERMAN!**

YES, I SEE...I'LL TAKE HER ON TO GRANT PARK MYSELF SO THAT I CAN QUESTION HER AS SHE COMES TO!



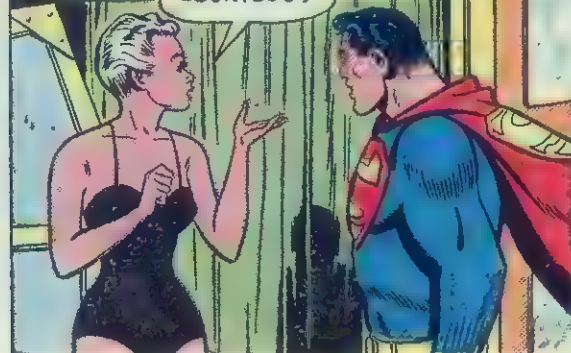
THE COUNTESS QUICKLY RECOVERS, BUT...

HMM... SHE SAYS SHE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND THIS ATTEMPT ON HER LIFE EITHER, ESPECIALLY IF THOSE FRANCONIAN AGENTS AREN'T IN THE COUNTRY! WELL-- I'LL GET HER TO THE CONTEST, THEN QUESTION LOIS AND SPIRAL, WHO SHOULD BE THERE BY NOW!



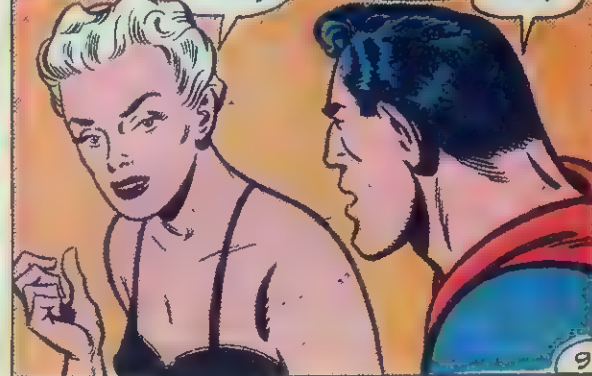
AWHILE LATER...

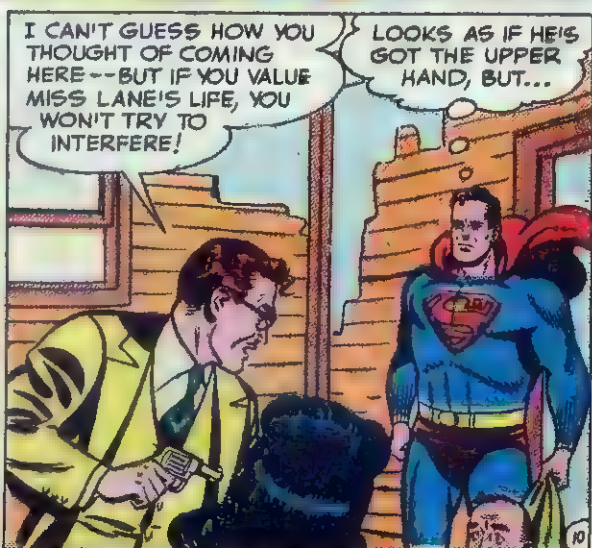
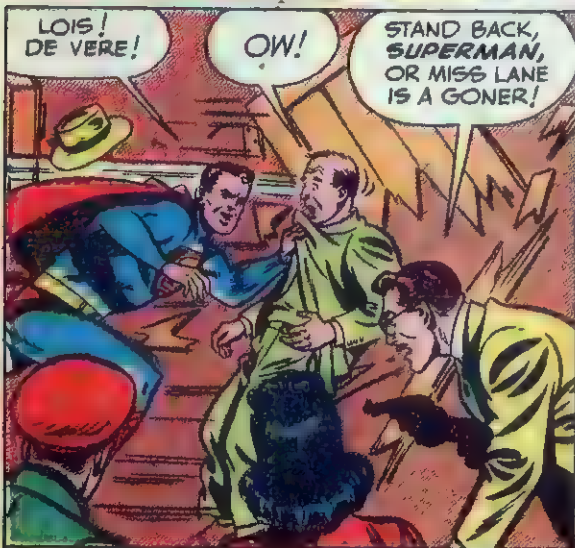
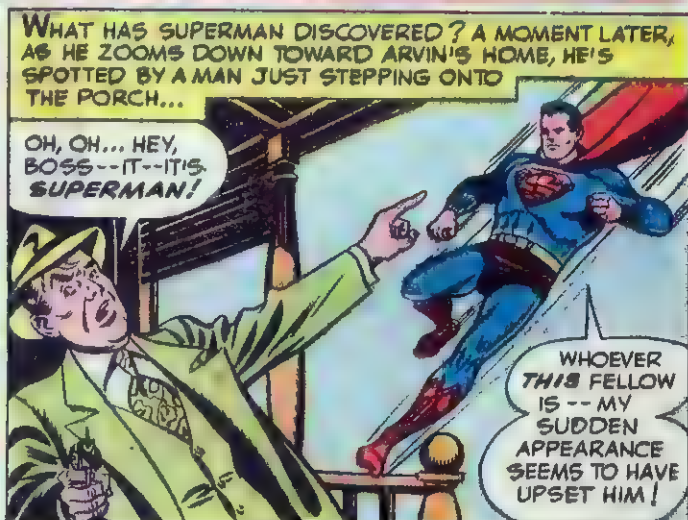
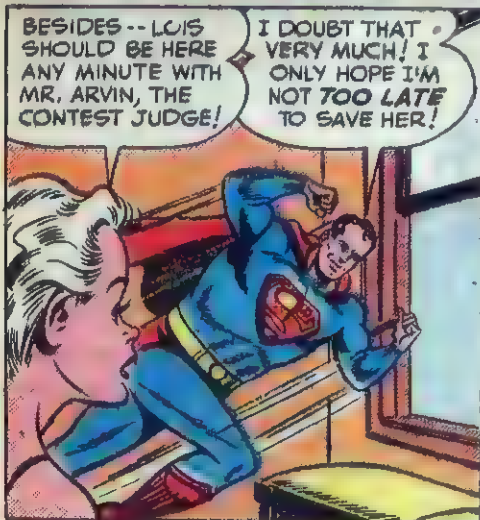
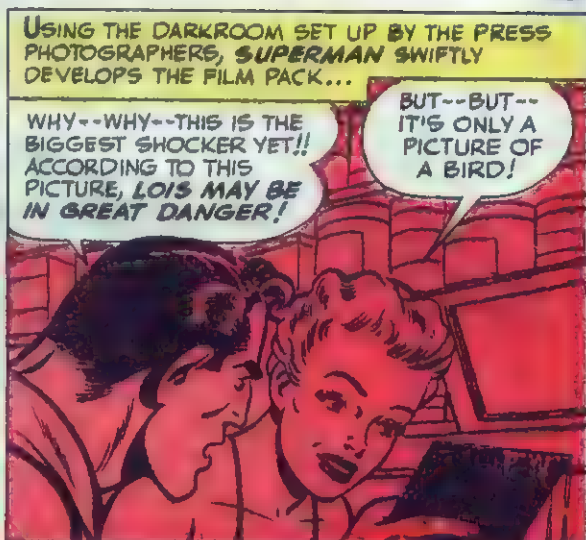
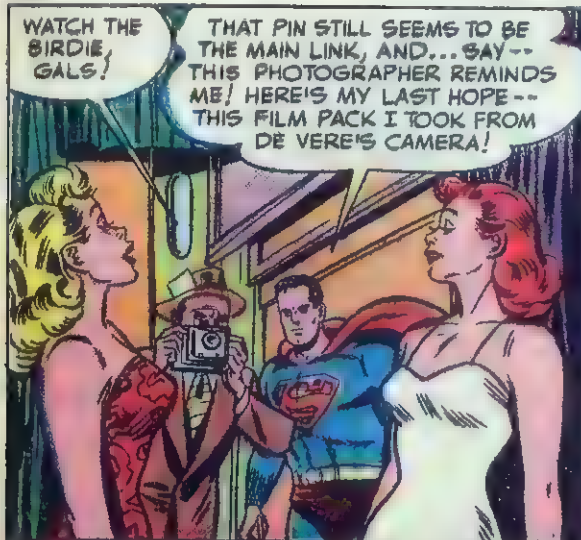
LOIS ISN'T HERE YET, **SUPERMAN!** WHEN YOU PHONED HER TO HIDE ME AGAINST FURTHER ATTACKS, SHE GOT THE DAILY PLANET TO RUSH OUT A STORY THAT DE VERE HAD LENT ME THE PIN, SO THE CONSPIRATORS WOULD KNOW I WASN'T THE REAL COUNTESS!

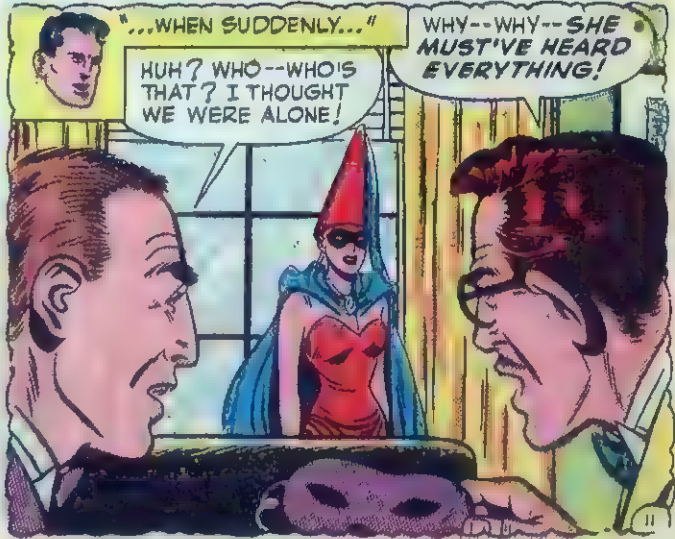
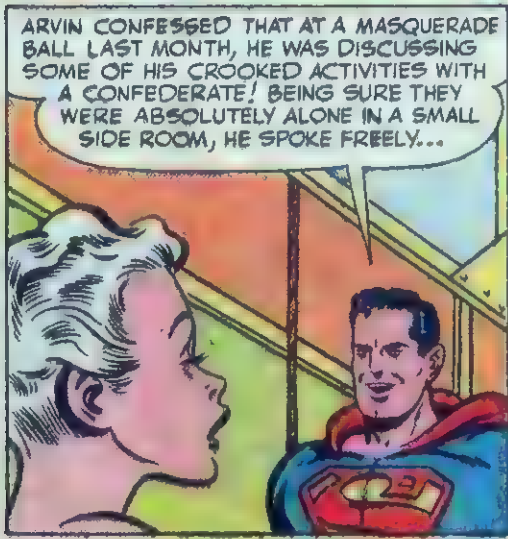
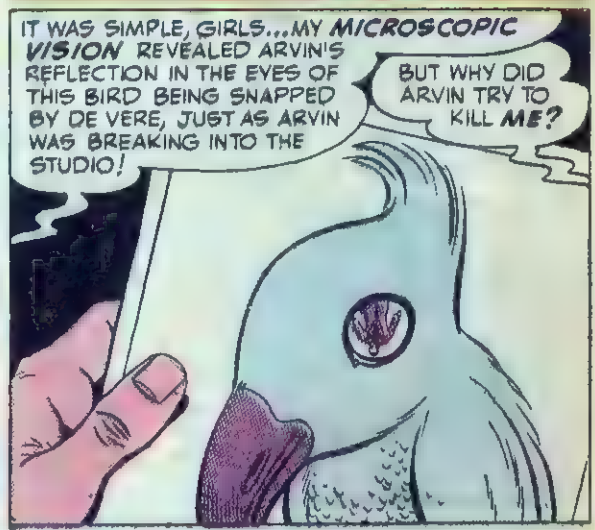
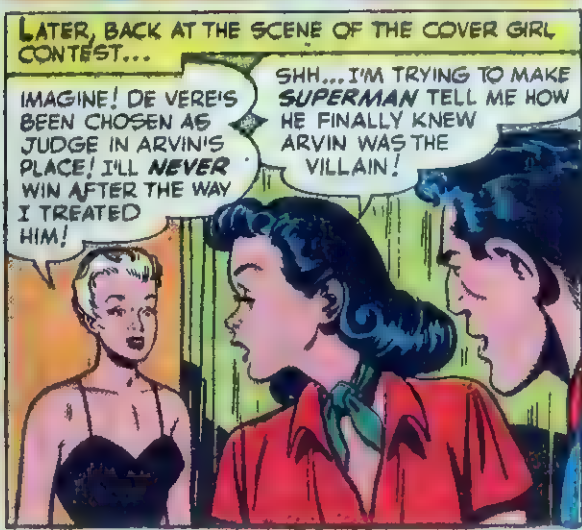
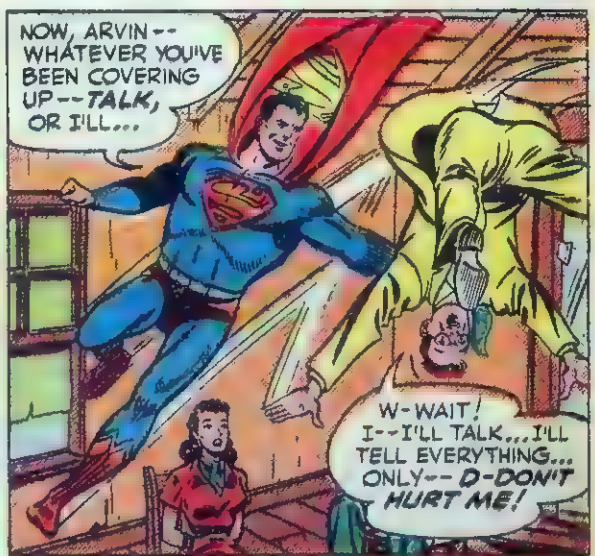
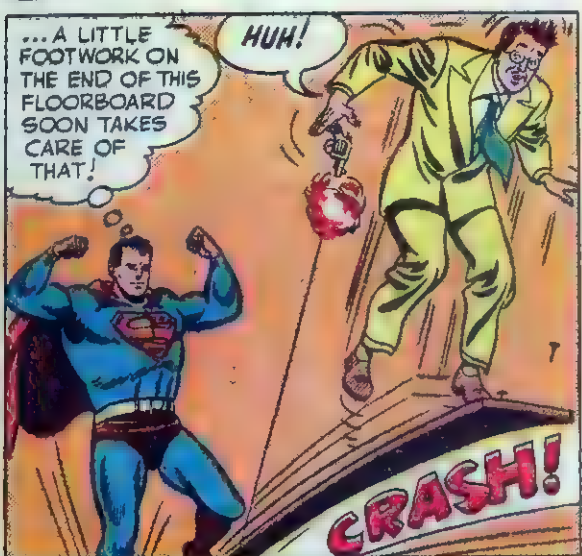


THAT LEFT HER FREE TO LEAVE ME UNPROTECTED AND PICK UP MR. ARVIN, THE CONTEST JUDGE... SHE WANTED TO INTERVIEW HIM ON THE WAY HERE!

WELL--THE CONSPIRATORS ARE OUT--BUT THAT NEWS STORY STILL MIGHT EXPLAIN THE ATTACK ON DE VERE-- AND ON THE COUNTESS, TOO!







"AND AS THE UNKNOWN MASKED WOMAN DISAPPEARED INTO THE MAIN BALLROOM..."

SHE TOOK A GOOD LOOK AT ME, TOO! BUT ALL I NOTICED ABOUT HER WAS THAT **VERY STRANGE PIN** SHE WORE!

RELAX, BOSS... SO SHE OVERHEARD US-- BUT SHE DOESN'T KNOW **WHO** YOU ARE! WHAT CAN SHE DO IF WE BEAT IT NOW?

BUT WEEKS LATER, WHEN ARVIN SAW **YOU** WEARING THAT SAME PIN ON THE MAGAZINE COVER, HE THOUGHT YOU WERE THE OWNER AND THAT YOU'D RECOGNIZE HIM AS JUDGE OF THE MODEL'S CONTEST!

FIRST, HE THOUGHT OF RESIGNING AS JUDGE... BUT RATHER THAN AVOID PUBLICITY FOR GOOD, HE DECIDED TO GET RID OF **YOU**!

LATER, ARVIN READ MY STORY THAT YOU'D ONLY **BORROWED** THE PIN FROM DE VERE --SO HE RAIDED DE VERE'S STUDIO TO LEARN THE **REAL** OWNER, THEN SENT HIS KILLERS AFTER THE COUNTESS!

OH, MY GOODNESS... HOW FUNNY!

IMAGINE ARVIN NOT KNOWING ALL THE TIME THAT THE COUNTESS **DOESN'T UNDERSTAND ENGLISH!**

HA, HA... THAT'S RIGHT! SHE NEEDS HER MAID TO **INTERPRET** FOR HER! WHY, EVEN WHEN I SPOKE TO HER ON THE WAY OVER HERE, I HAD TO USE **FRENCH!**

WELL!... I'M GLAD YOU BOTH THINK IT SO FUNNY...

...BUT WHAT ABOUT **ME**? AS I GOT TO ARVIN'S HOME, HE'D JUST HEARD THAT **SUPERMAN** SAVED THE COUNTESS. HE WAS AFRAID OF BEING RECOGNIZED IF HE APPEARED AS JUDGE--BUT MY PRESENCE RUINED ANY POSSIBLE EXCUSE FOR HIS NOT COMING ALONG. SO HE HAD TO GET RID OF ME, TOO!

OH, EXCUSE ME --I'M WANTED ONSTAGE!

AND SO, AS THE MODELS PARADE BEFORE JUDGE DE VERE...

AND IT IS MY GREAT PLEASURE TO CHOOSE AS COVER GIRL OF THE YEAR-- **MISS SPIRAL STORM!**

MY, THAT'S A SURPRISE! SPIRAL THOUGHT HE **DISLIKED** HER!

THAT SHOWS, LOIS, HOW LITTLE YOU KNOW ABOUT MEN!

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IN THE DARK AND
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GOLD COLORED PLASTIC

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Straight Arrow says:

"This exciting Rite a Lite Arrow Head and Radiant Message Pass Card was designed exclusively for me and my fans! I want all of you to have one... the only thing of its kind in the world!"



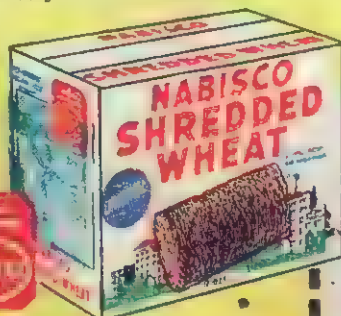
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Straight Arrow's very own Rite a Lite Arrow Head in Gold Color Plastic! Writes in the dark on Radiant Message Pass Card! Message glows in the dark! Erase with same light! Rite a Lite sends signals, too!

Along with this amazing RITE A LITE ARROW HEAD, you get a special Radiant Message Pass Card. One side is luminous, for your secret messages that can be read in the dark! The other side identifies you as a member of Straight Arrow's tribe. There's a hole for a leather thong or chain in the light plunger of the Rite a Lite Arrow Head so you can wear it on your wrist, on your belt, or on a cord around your neck. Use it always—and use it for years—regular 716 Rayovac cell batteries fit it.

BUT HURRY! This is the only Rite a Lite of its kind in the world—and the only way you can get it is by sending in the coupon with 25 cents and your box top from NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT—the grand-tasting 100% whole wheat cereal you'll want every breakfast.

the breakfast full
of POWER from
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ONLY
25¢

AND A
NABISCO
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FOR BOTH

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Please rush me my STRAIGHT ARROW RITE A LITE ARROW HEAD and Radiant Message Pass Card. I enclose 25¢ and a NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT box top. (Please print)

Name _____

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NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Swami Pud
FORTUNES TOLD HERE

LET'S GO IN AND HEAR OUR FORTUNES!

I HOPE SWAMI PUD KNOWS HIS STUFF!

CAN HE TELL ABOUT MY REPORT CARD?

WE WANT TO HEAR OUR FORTUNES, SWAMI!

WHERE'S HIS CRYSTAL BALL?

HMMM...

HAS HE GOT A HEAD-ACHE?

SWAMI BLOWS OWN CRYSTAL BALL-- TELLS FORTUNES WITH DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM!

CROSS SWAMI'S PALM WITH PENNY! READ OWN FORTUNE ON DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM WRAPPER! BLOW OWN CRYSTAL BALL WITH GUM!

GEE! HERE'S MY FORTUNE. I'M GOING TO BUY DUBBLE BUBBLE FROM NOW ON!

1¢

BLOWS BIGGER'N' BETTER BUBBLES

IT'S FUN TO FOLLOW FLEER FUNNIES

TRADE AN'SWAP THEM, TOO

FRANK H. PLANK CO.

PEG

HENRY BOLING

THIS HAT IS A DREAM!

THIS ONE IS SUPER! WOULD YOU SEND IT, PLEASE?

AND I WANT TO ENCLOSE A CARD. I'M GIVING IT TO MY FATHER FOR HIS BIRTHDAY!

FOR YOUR FATHER? HE CAN'T WEAR A LADIES HAT!

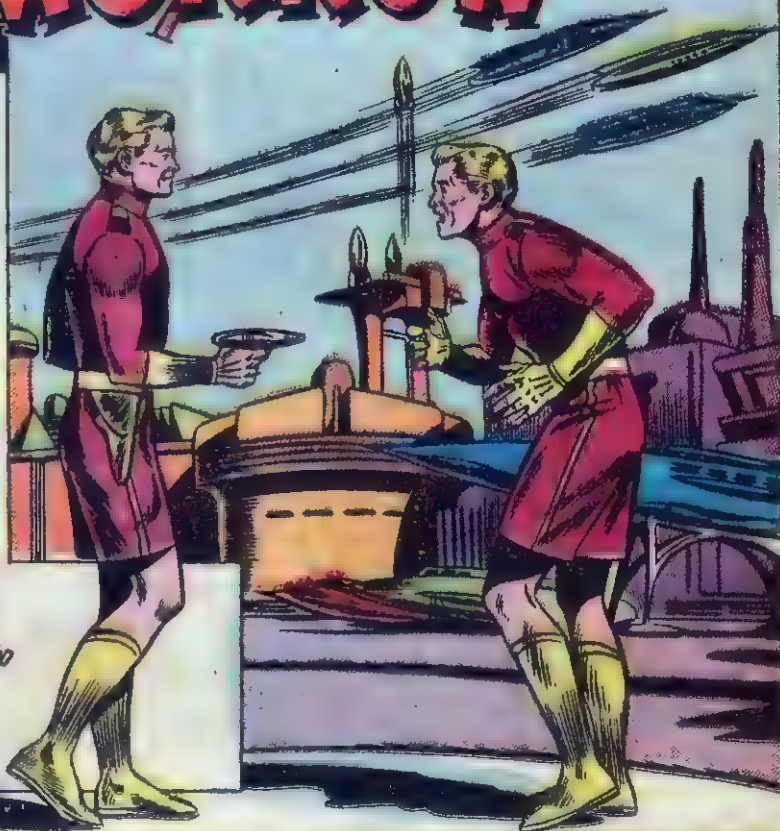
NATCH! HE'LL GIVE IT TO ME!

END

Tommy TOMORROW

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU FOUND AN EXACT DOUBLE OF YOURSELF, FILLING YOUR SHOES AND LIVING YOUR LIFE FOR YOU? THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS TO COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW OF THE PLANETEERS, WHEN HE COMES BACK FROM SPACE TO FIND **ANOTHER** TOMMY TOMORROW, EXACTLY LIKE **HIMSELF**, OCCUPYING HIS JOB! AND A CRIMINAL PLOT THREATENS TO REAP RICH LOOT WHEN NONE OF TOMMY'S FRIENDS AND FELLOW-PLANETEERS IS ABLE TO TELL WHICH IS THE REAL ONE OF...

The **TWO** TOMMY TOMORROWS!



THE YEAR, 2051--AND IN THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE **PLANETEERS**, FAMED INTERPLANETARY POLICE FORCE...

COLONEL TOMORROW, THAT RING OF URANIUM THIEVES HAS JUST LOOTED ANOTHER MINE ON CALLISTO! THE SITUATION'S GOTTEN COMPLETELY OUT-OF-HAND, SO I'M PLACING **YOU** IN CHARGE OF THE CASE AT ONCE!

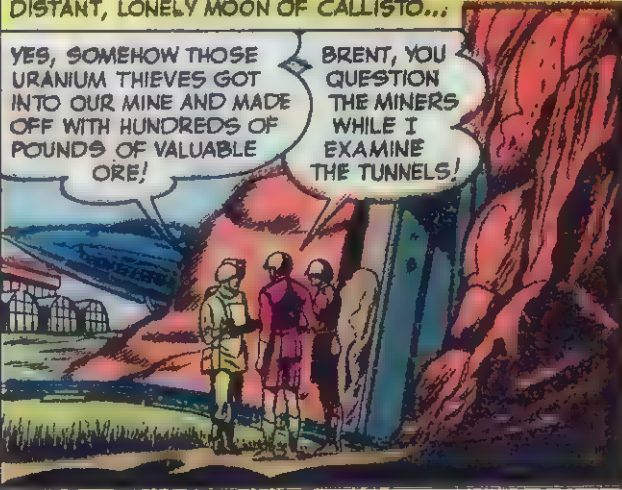
YES, SIR... WE'LL LEAVE FOR CALLISTO IMMEDIATELY!



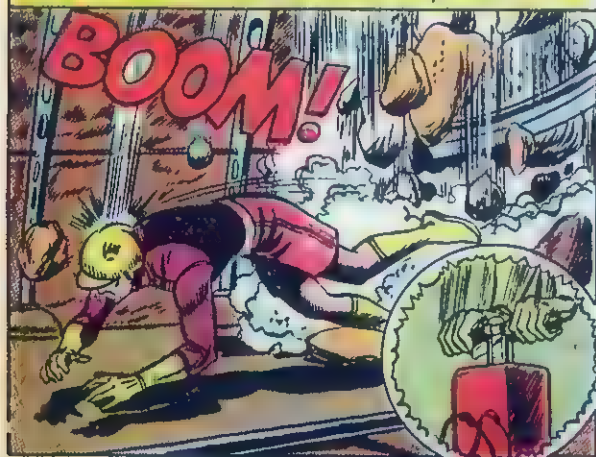
SO IT IS THAT COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW AND HIS FELLOW OFFICER, CAPTAIN BRENT WOOD, BEGIN TRACKING DOWN A GANG OF SPACE-BANDITS ON THE DISTANT, LONELY MOON OF CALLISTO...

YES, SOMEHOW THOSE URANIUM THIEVES GOT INTO OUR MINE AND MADE OFF WITH HUNDREDS OF POUNDS OF VALUABLE ORE!

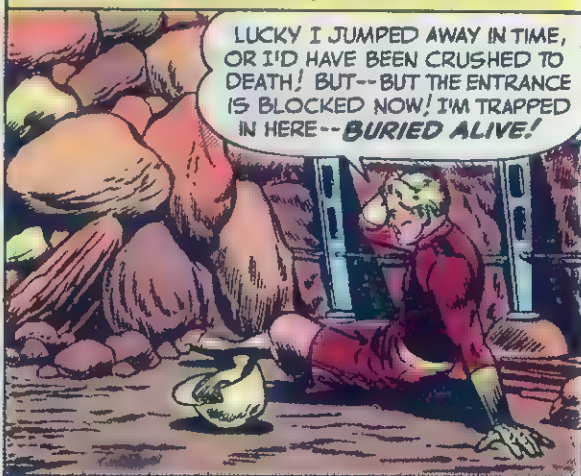
BRENT, YOU QUESTION THE MINERS WHILE I EXAMINE THE TUNNELS!



BUT HOSTILE EYES ARE WATCHING! FOR NO SOONER DOES TOMMY ENTER THE MINE TUNNEL, WHEN...



AND AS HE STIRS DAZEDLY, SOMETIME LATER...

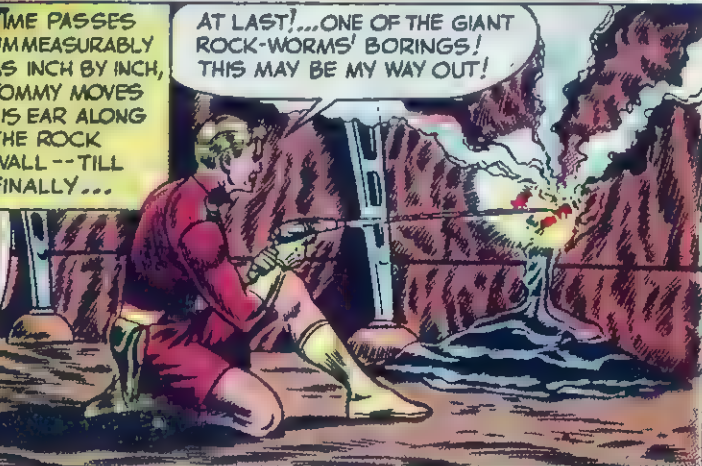


ONLY ONE CHANCE OF ESCAPE--IF I CAN HEAR ONE OF THE GIANT **ROCK-WORMS** THAT INFEST THIS MOON, BEFORE I USE UP ALL THE OXYGEN IN THIS TUNNEL...



TIME PASSES IMMEASURABLY AS INCH BY INCH, TOMMY MOVES HIS EAR ALONG THE ROCK WALL--TILL FINALLY...

AT LAST!...ONE OF THE GIANT **ROCK-WORMS'** BORINGS! THIS MAY BE MY WAY OUT!



BUT NEW PERIL AWAITS HIM AS HE MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE MASSIVE INSECTS' NESTING PLACE...



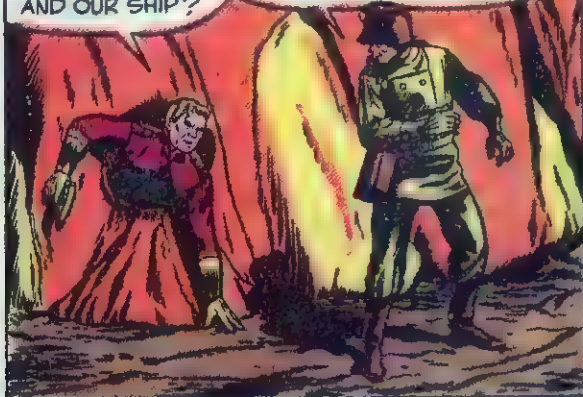
THEY'LL DEVOUR ME IN SECONDS--AND I CAN'T KILL THEM ALL! MY ONLY HOPE IS TO KEEP BLASTING THE ROCK IN FRONT OF THEM... **FIRE** IS THE ONE THING THEY FEAR! THEY MAY SCATTER!



SO, AFTER LONG SCRAMBLING THROUGH THE GREAT WORM-BORINGS...

WHERE'S CAPTAIN BRENT WOOD-- AND OUR SHIP?

TH-THEY WENT BACK TO EARTH, DAYS AGO! THEY THOUGHT-- THAT IS, WE THOUGHT...



WELL, I MUST REPORT BACK TO HEADQUARTERS SOMEHOW! I'LL BORROW YOUR SPACE-YACHT AND RETURN IT TO YOU AS SOON AS I REACH HOME!

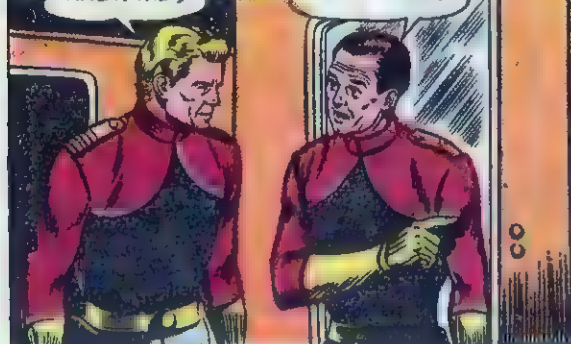
I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND... IT'S INCREDIBLE!



ROCKETING BACK ACROSS THE SOLAR SYSTEM, TOMMY GETS A STRANGE RECEPTION AT HEAD-QUARTERS...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, DORAK? DON'T YOU KNOW ME?

Y-YOU CAN'T BE TOMMY TOMORROW! TOMMY TOMORROW IS IN THERE!

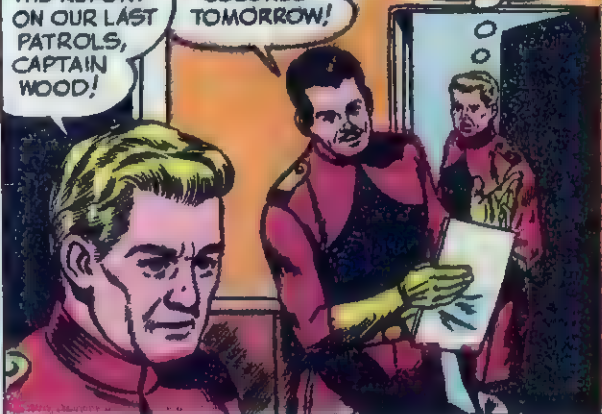


AND WHEN HE REACHES HIS OFFICE...

LET'S SEE THE REPORT ON OUR LAST PATROLS, CAPTAIN WOOD!

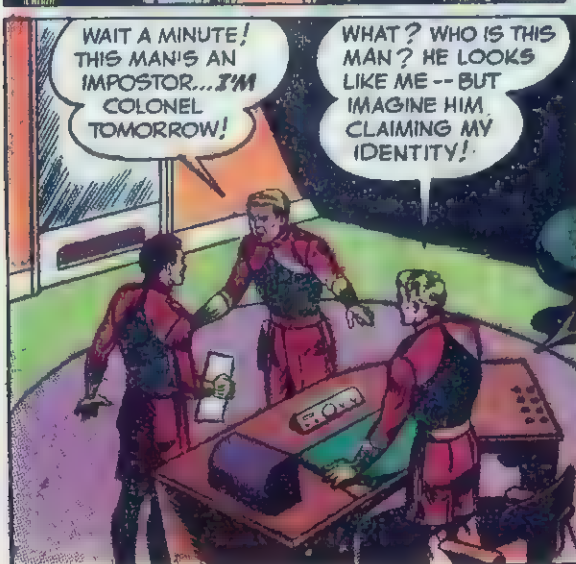
I'LL BRING THEM, COLONEL TOMORROW!

WHY, THAT MAN IS ME! BUT HE CAN'T BE!



WAIT A MINUTE! THIS MAN'S AN IMPOSTOR... I'M COLONEL TOMORROW!

WHAT? WHO IS THIS MAN? HE LOOKS LIKE ME-- BUT IMAGINE HIM CLAIMING MY IDENTITY!



WHY, TOMMY, YOU--I MEAN HE-- SHOWED UP SAFELY RIGHT AFTER THE CAVE IN, AND CAME BACK TO EARTH WITH ME!

HUH? I'LL REPORT THIS TO THE COMMANDER! HE'LL SETTLE THIS IMPOSTOR!



AWHILE LATER, IN THE COMMANDER'S OFFICE...

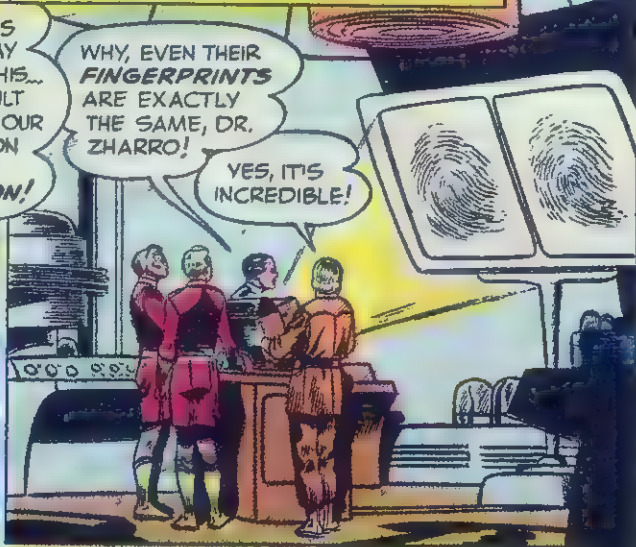
BUT EVEN THE EXPERT SEEMS STUMPED...



I TELL YOU, SIR, **HE'S IMPERSONATING ME!**

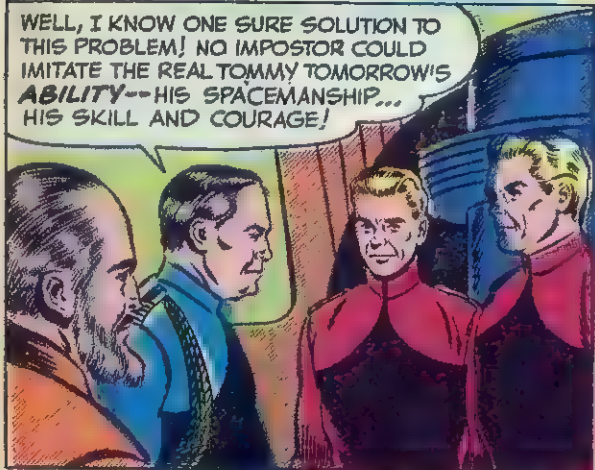
A LIKELY STORY! THIS MAN'S SOME DOUBLE OF MINE, WHO'S TRYING TO TAKE MY PLACE!

WAIT--THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO SETTLE THIS... WE'LL CONSULT DR. ZHARRO, OUR NEW EXPERT ON **SCIENTIFIC IDENTIFICATION!**

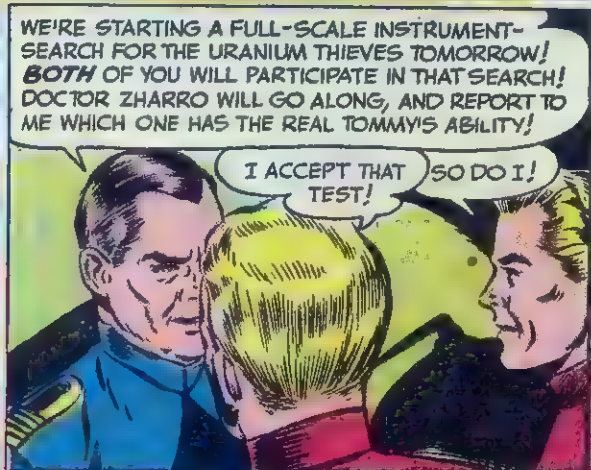


WHY, EVEN THEIR **FINGERPRINTS** ARE EXACTLY THE SAME, DR. ZHARRO!

YES, IT'S INCREDIBLE!



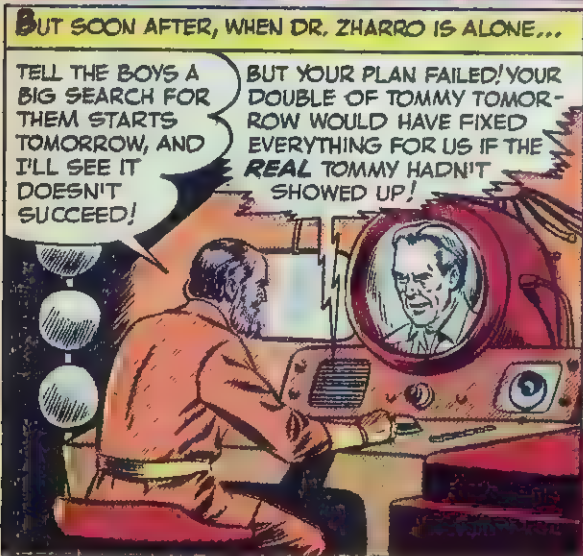
WELL, I KNOW ONE SURE SOLUTION TO THIS PROBLEM! NO IMPOSTOR COULD IMITATE THE REAL TOMMY TOMORROW'S **ABILITY--HIS SPACEMANSHIP... HIS SKILL AND COURAGE!**



WE'RE STARTING A FULL-SCALE INSTRUMENT-SEARCH FOR THE URANIUM THIEVES TOMORROW! **BOTH** OF YOU WILL PARTICIPATE IN THAT SEARCH! DOCTOR ZHARRO WILL GO ALONG, AND REPORT TO ME WHICH ONE HAS THE REAL TOMMY'S ABILITY!

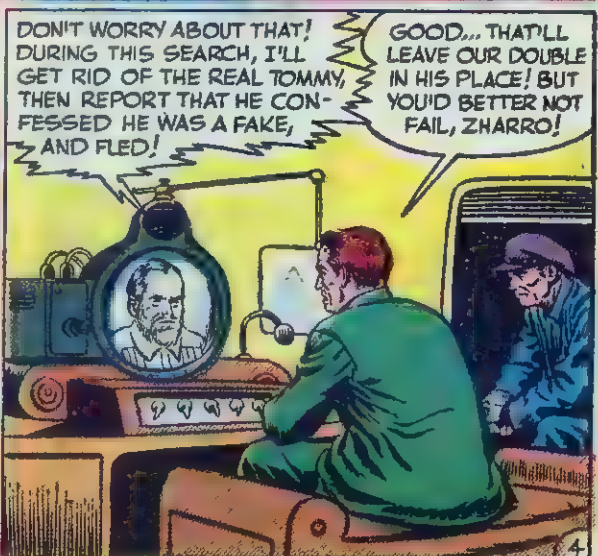
I ACCEPT THAT TEST!

SO DO I!



TELL THE BOYS A BIG SEARCH FOR THEM STARTS TOMORROW, AND I'LL SEE IT DOESN'T SUCCEED!

BUT YOUR PLAN FAILED! YOUR DOUBLE OF TOMMY TOMORROW WOULD HAVE FIXED EVERYTHING FOR US IF THE **REAL TOMMY** HADN'T SHOWED UP!



DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT! DURING THIS SEARCH, I'LL GET RID OF THE REAL TOMMY, THEN REPORT THAT HE CON-FESSED HE WAS A FAKE, AND FLED!

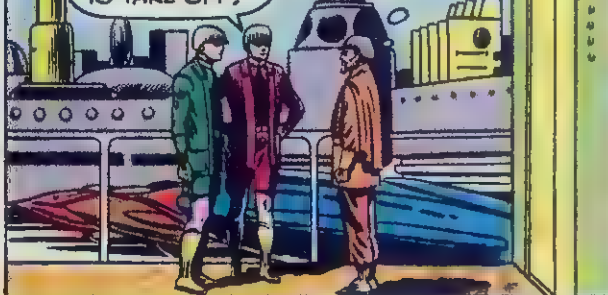
GOOD... THAT'LL LEAVE OUR DOUBLE IN HIS PLACE! BUT YOU'D BETTER NOT FAIL, ZHARRO!

NEXT DAY, AS THE SEARCH BEGINS...

I'M HAVING YOU WEAR DIFFERENT UNIFORMS SO I CAN TELL YOU APART!

AND WITH OUR FAKE TOMMY WEARING THE **GREEN** UNIFORM, I WON'T MAKE ANY MISTAKES!

WE'RE READY TO TAKE OFF!



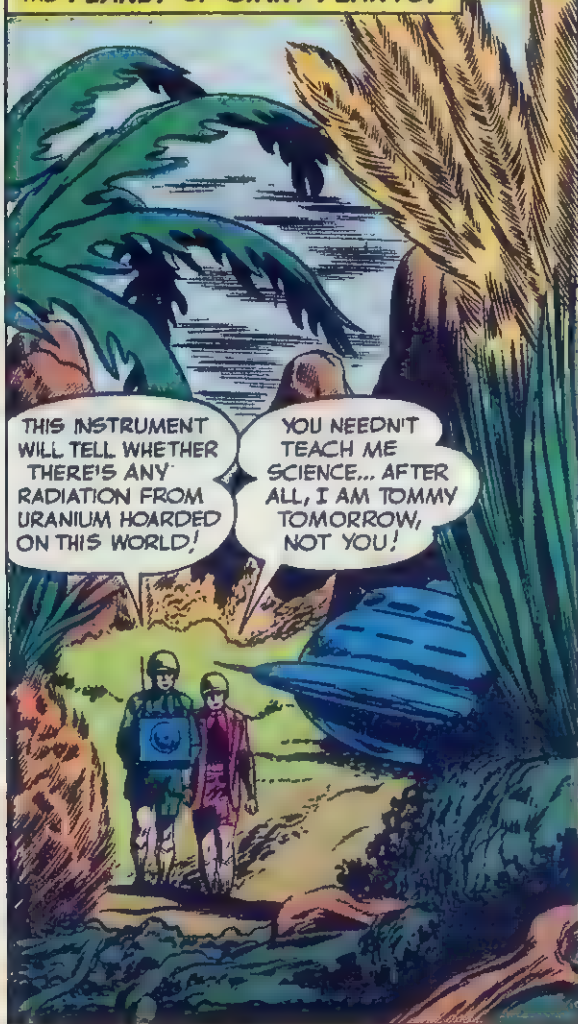
AND TOMMY TOMORROW EMBARKS ON THE STRANGEST MISSION OF HIS CAREER-- WITH A DOUBLE OF HIMSELF IN THE CO-PILOT SEAT!

THIS OTHER TOMMY IS A FAKE--BUT HOW **COULD** HE LOOK SO MUCH LIKE ME? IT'S UNCANNY!

WE HOPE TO FIND THE URANIUM THIEVES AND THEIR LOOT BY USING AN INSTRUMENT SENSITIVE TO URANIUM-RADIATION! OUR SHIP IS TO SEARCH ALL WORLDS IN SECTOR 22!



FIRST DESTINATION--THAT STRANGE ASTEROID, THE PLANET OF GIANT PLANTS!



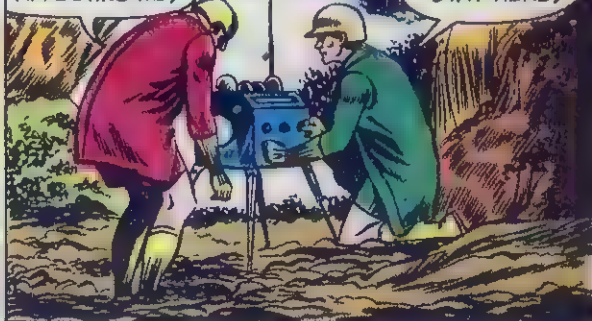
THIS INSTRUMENT WILL TELL WHETHER THERE'S ANY RADIATION FROM URANIUM HOARDED ON THIS WORLD!

YOU NEEDN'T TEACH ME SCIENCE... AFTER ALL, I AM TOMMY TOMORROW, NOT YOU!

AND AFTER SETTING UP THE DETECTOR...

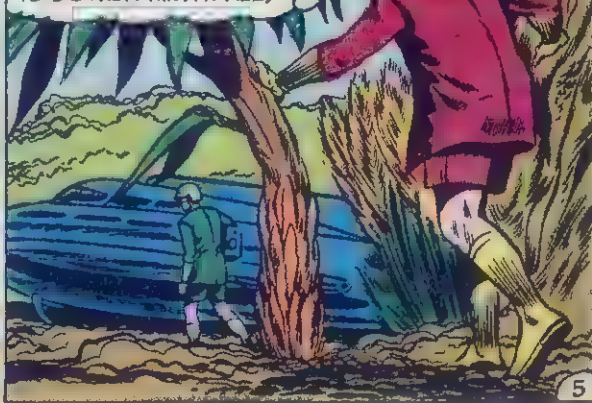
HMM...NO URANIUM RADIATION--SO THE THIEVES' BASE ISN'T HERE! BUT--I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL DIZZY...THE EXCESS OXYGEN FROM THE GIANT PLANTS IS AFFECTING ME!

WELL, I'M GOING BACK TO THE SHIP! IF YOU CAN'T MAKE IT, STAY HERE!



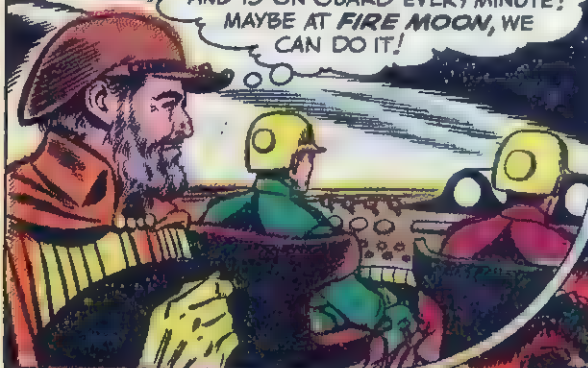
CAN IT BE? DOES THE VALIANT TOMMY TOMORROW'S DOUBLE OUTMATCH HIM IN STAMINA?

S-STRANGE...THE EXCESS OXYGEN D-DOESN'T SEEM TO BOTHER HIM AT ALL!



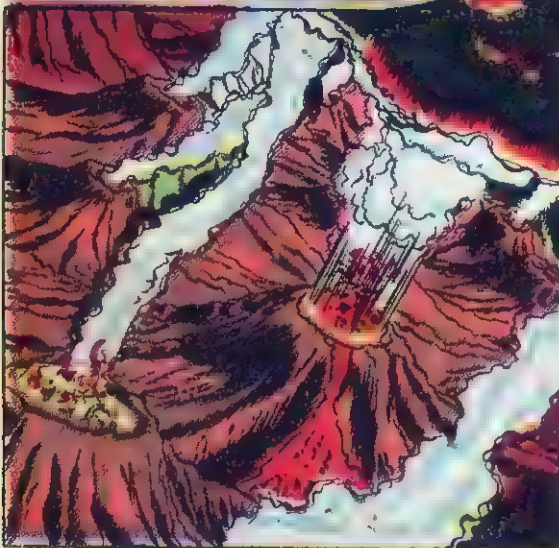
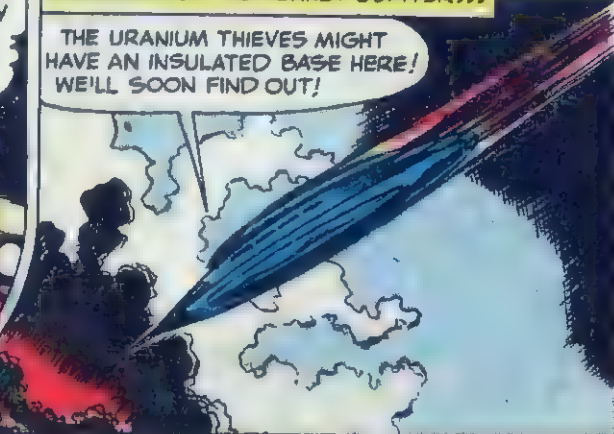
AND AS THEY ROCKET ON TO SEARCH STILL ANOTHER WORLD...

I HOPED THE EXCESS OXYGEN WOULD OVERPOWER HIM AND MAKE HIM EASY TO FINISH OFF -- BUT HE ENDURED, AND IS ON GUARD EVERY MINUTE! MAYBE AT **FIRE MOON**, WE CAN DO IT!



DOWN THROUGH SWIRLING SMOKE AND TERRIBLE HEAT TO THE SURFACE OF **FIRE MOON**, VOLCANIC SATELLITE OF THE PLANET JUPITER...

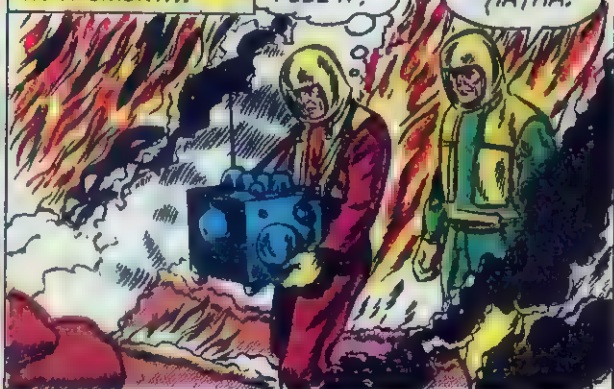
THE URANIUM THIEVES MIGHT HAVE AN INSULATED BASE HERE! WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!



SOON, TWO WEIRDLY SIMILAR FIGURES TOIL OUT THROUGH THE TERRIFIC HEAT WITH THEIR INSTRUMENT...

THIS HEAT IS STUPEFYING... YET **HE** DOESN'T EVEN SEEM TO FEEL IT!

WHAT'S THE MATTER? CAN'T YOU TAKE THE "CLIMATE"? HA, HA!



AGAIN THE URANIUM-SENSITIVE INSTRUMENT REGISTERS NOTHING...AND AS THE SEARCH CONTINUES...

THE RUBY WORLD IS OUR NEXT POINT! BUT WE MUST FIGURE OUT A SAFE COURSE THROUGH THE METEOR-SWARMS THAT SURROUND IT!

I CAN FIGURE ONE OUT IN A FEW MINUTES!

I CAN CALCULATE IT **INSTANTLY!** IN FACT, I'VE ALREADY DONE SO... GIVE ME THE CONTROLS!



WITHIN SECONDS...

MY DOUBLE FIGURED A TRUE COURSE INSTANTLY--AND HE'S PILOTING IT WITHOUT VEERING OFF COURSE BY EVEN A HAIR! I COULD NEVER DO THAT!



MAYBE HE REALLY IS TOMMY TOMORROW! MAYBE THAT STUNNING SHOCK UPSET MY MIND AND MADE ME *THINK* I'M TOMMY TOMORROW!

IT'S BE-
COMING
QUITE CLEAR
WHO'S THE
IMPOSTOR
HERE!

PRESENTLY, ON *RUBY WORLD*, STRANGE PLANETOID OF RED CRYSTALS WHICH TURN THE SUNLIGHT INTO A BLINDING CRIMSON BLAZE...

MY RAY-PISTOL WON'T HELP ME, BUT MAYBE ALTERING THIS INSTRUMENT, SO THAT IT'LL *PROJECT* CERTAIN RAYS, WILL DO SO!

THE GLARE HERE WILL HALF-BLIND TOMMY TOMORROW! YOU'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO FINISH HIM OFF OUT THERE!

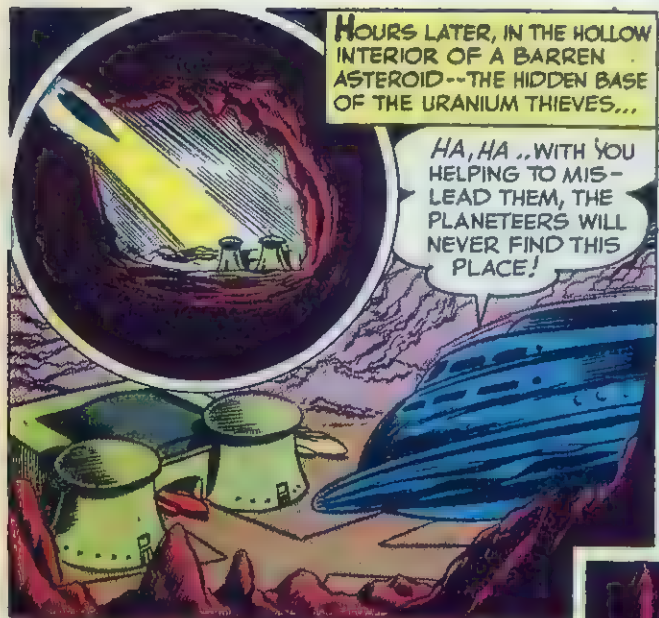
HOLD IT!... HE DOESN'T EVEN BLINK IN THIS DAZZLING RED LIGHT! THERE'S ONLY ONE EXPLANATION! SURE... NOW I KNOW THE SECRET OF MY DOUBLE!

TENSELY, THE CROOKED SCIENTIST WAITS IN THE SHIP-- TILL FINALLY, FROM OUT OF THE CRIMSON GLARE...

AH... I SEE YOU FINISHED THE REAL TOMMY TOMORROW! BUT WHY BRING HIS BODY BACK HERE?

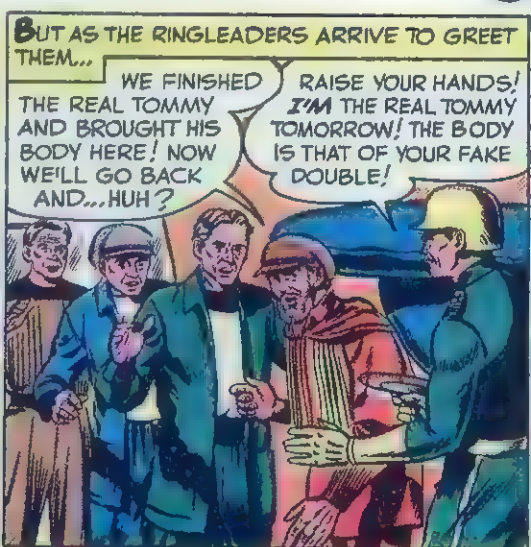
BECAUSE I THOUGHT YOU WOULDN'T WANT IT LEFT WHERE IT CAN BE FOUND! WE CAN TAKE IT TO OUR HIDEOUT!

A GOOD IDEA... IT'LL INSURE THAT THE REAL TOMMY'S BODY DOESN'T TURN UP TO SPOIL YOUR IMPERSONATION AGAIN! AND AS TOMMY TOMORROW, YOU CAN HELP US FOOL THE PLANETEERS INDEFINITELY!



HOURS LATER, IN THE HOLLOW INTERIOR OF A BARREN ASTEROID--THE HIDDEN BASE OF THE URANIUM THIEVES...

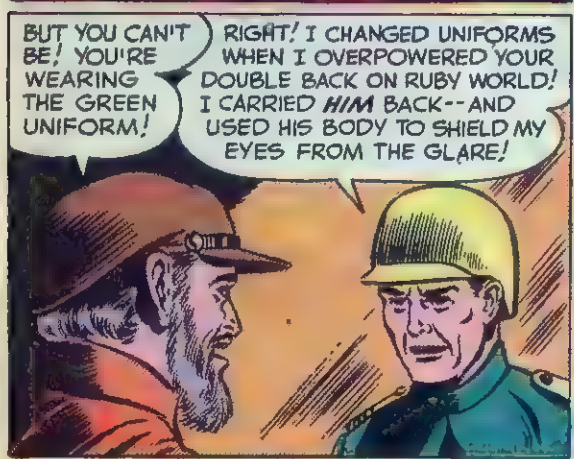
HA, HA ..WITH YOU HELPING TO MIS-LEAD THEM, THE PLANETEERS WILL NEVER FIND THIS PLACE!



BUT AS THE RINGLEADERS ARRIVE TO GREET THEM...

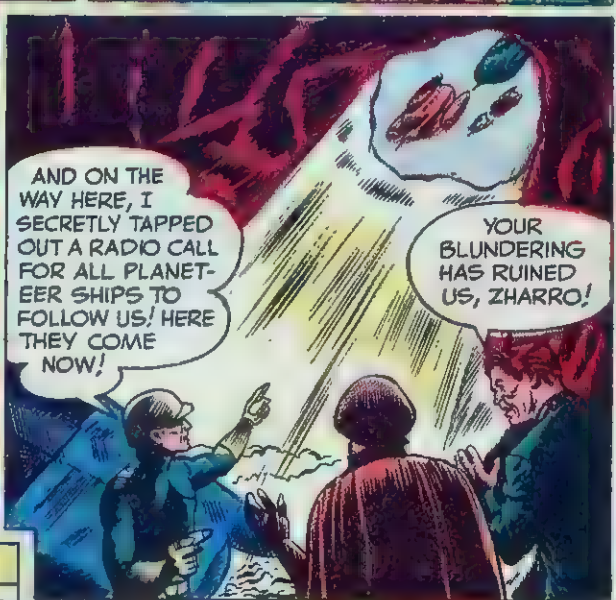
WE FINISHED THE REAL TOMMY AND BROUGHT HIS BODY HERE! NOW WE'LL GO BACK AND...HUH?

RAISE YOUR HANDS! I'M THE REAL TOMMY TOMORROW! THE BODY IS THAT OF YOUR FAKE DOUBLE!



BUT YOU CAN'T BE! YOU'RE WEARING THE GREEN UNIFORM!

RIGHT! I CHANGED UNIFORMS WHEN I OVERPOWERED YOUR DOUBLE BACK ON RUBY WORLD! I CARRIED HIM BACK--AND USED HIS BODY TO SHIELD MY EYES FROM THE GLARE!



AND ON THE WAY HERE, I SECRETLY TAPPED OUT A RADIO CALL FOR ALL PLANETEER SHIPS TO FOLLOW US! HERE THEY COME NOW!

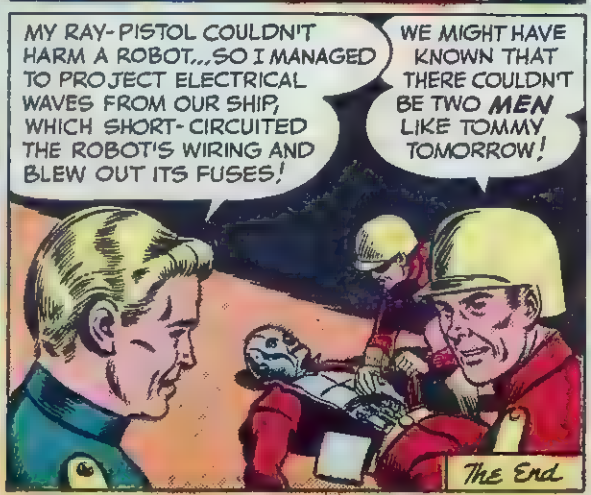
YOUR BLUNDERING HAS RUINED US, ZHARRO!



AND SO, WITH THE URANIUM LOOTERS SAFELY UNDER GUARD...

YOU SAY YOUR "DOUBLE" WAS AN INTELLIGENT METAL ROBOT, WITH PLASTIC FEATURES AND FINGERPRINTS THAT DUPLICATED YOURS? IT'S INCREDIBLE!

I GUESSED THE TRUTH WHEN I NOTICED HIS EYES WERE UNAFFECTED BY THE GLARE ON RUBY WORLD! NO MAN, NO MATTER HOW SUPER-HUMAN HE MAY BE, CAN PREVENT HIS EYES FROM REACTING TO LIGHT!

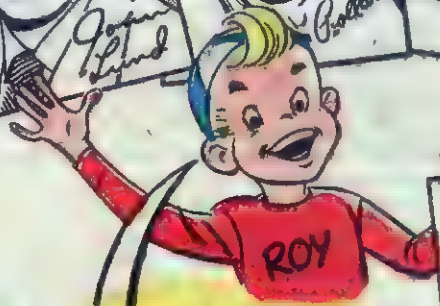


MY RAY-PISTOL COULDN'T HARM A ROBOT...SO I MANAGED TO PROJECT ELECTRICAL WAVES FROM OUR SHIP, WHICH SHORT-CIRCUITED THE ROBOT'S WIRING AND BLEW OUT ITS FUSES!

WE MIGHT HAVE KNOWN THAT THERE COULDN'T BE TWO MEN LIKE TOMMY TOMORROW!



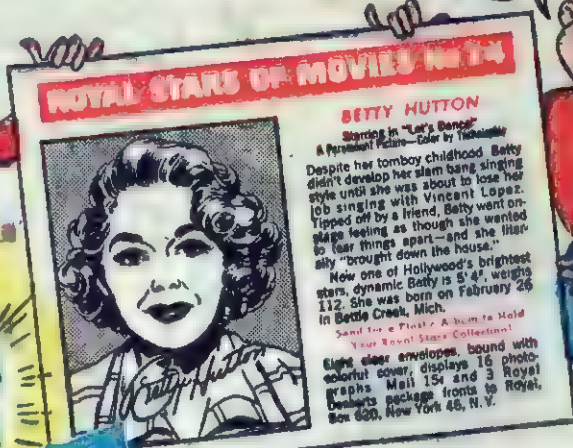
Join
the Gang!
start
collecting



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of Sports and Movies

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of Extra Cost!



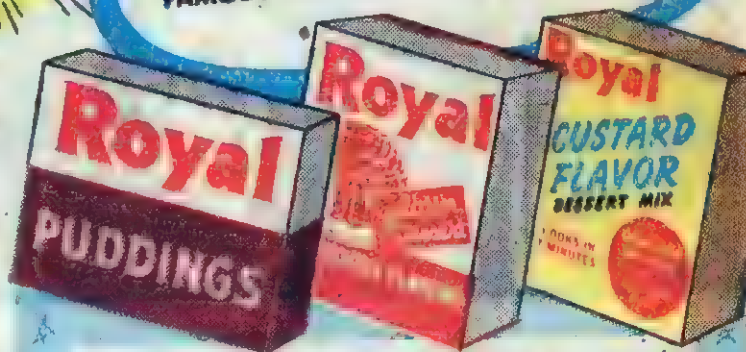
NEW PHOTOS AND FACTS ABOUT
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HERE'S ALL YOU DO

Just ask Mom to buy Royal Desserts—Puddings, Tapioca Puddings, Gelatin Desserts or new Royal Custard Flavor Dessert Mix. On the back of each package you'll find a new photo and short history of a famous movie or sports star.

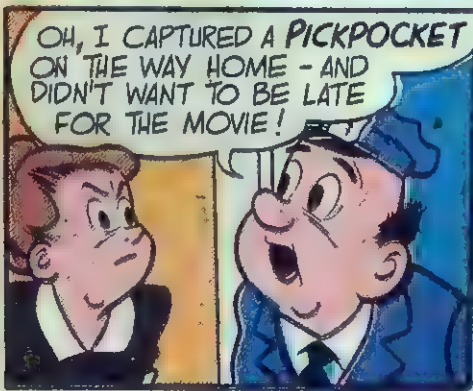
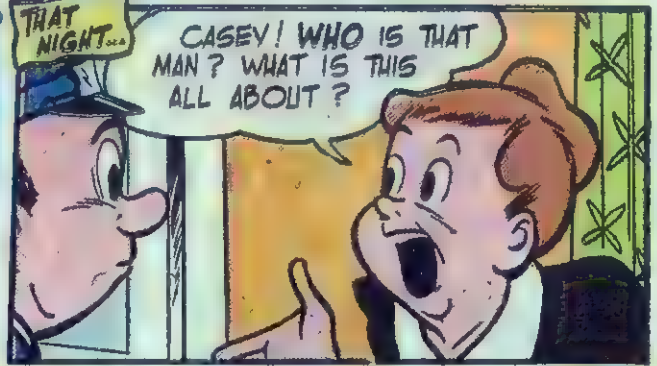
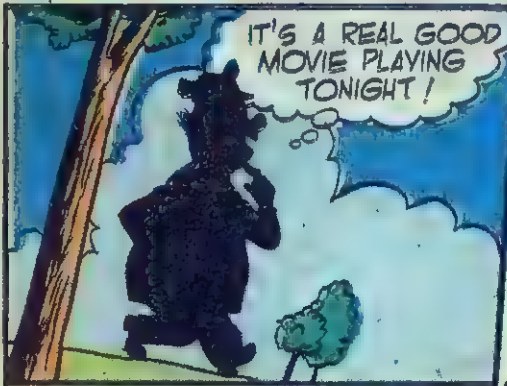
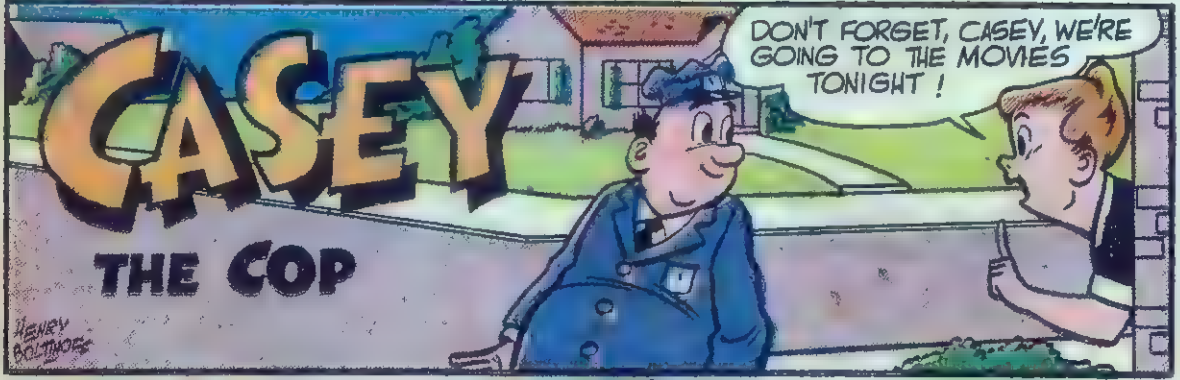


Royal

DESSERTS

ON THE PACKAGE BACKS OF ALL ROYAL PUDDINGS—
ROYAL TAPIOCA PUDDINGS — ROYAL GELATIN DESSERTS—
ROYAL CUSTARD FLAVOR DESSERT MIX





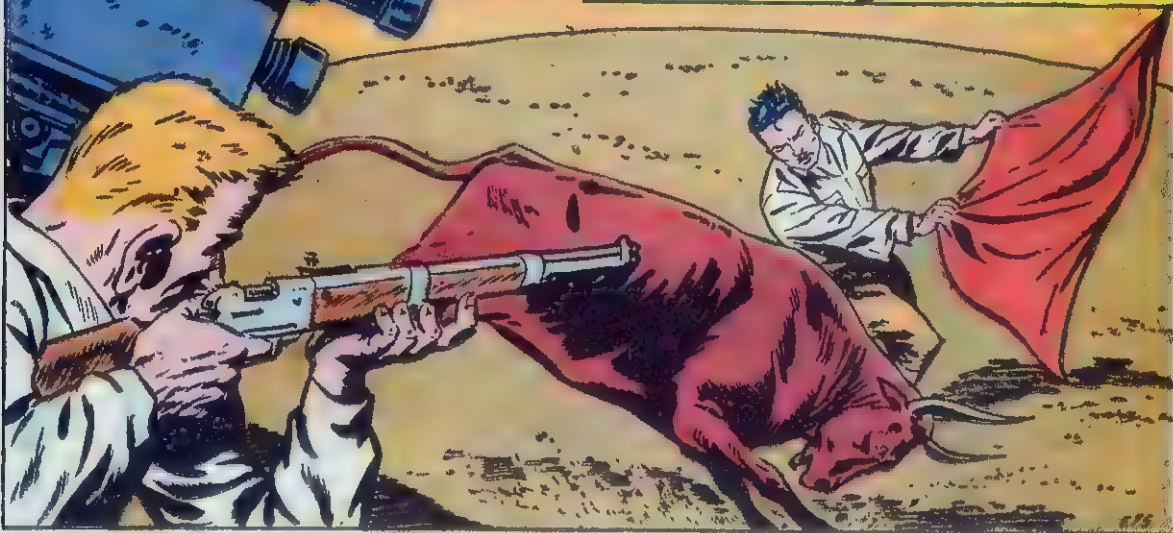
ADVERTISEMENT



CONGO BILL

MYSTERY AND PERIL PLAY UNEXPECTED PARTS IN THE FILMING OF A HOLLYWOOD MOVIE ON LOCATION DEEP IN THE MEXICAN INTERIOR! FOR AS CAMERAS GRIND, A FAMOUS MOVIE STAR IS DOOMED TO DIE! HOW TROUBLE-SHOOTING CONGO BILL UNCOVERS AND FOILS THE PLOT TO KILL IN ORDER TO COLLECT A MILLION DOLLARS IS TOLD IN...

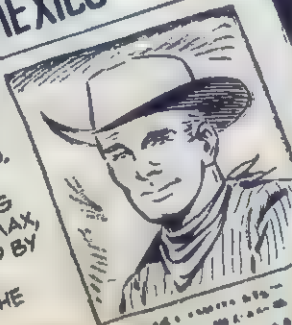
"SANDS OF DEATH!"



ONE DAY, THE FRONT PAGE OF A HOLLYWOOD NEWSPAPER REVEALS THE FOLLOWING STORY...

The Reporter COWBOY STAR TO MAKE MOVIE IN MEXICO

TIM TROY, STAR OF STEEL PRODUCTIONS, IS ON LOCATION AT HERMOSILLO, MEXICO. THE STORY, WHICH HAS A BULLFIGHTING SCENE AS ITS CLIMAX, WILL BE DIRECTED BY CHARLES STEEL, PRODUCER OF THE

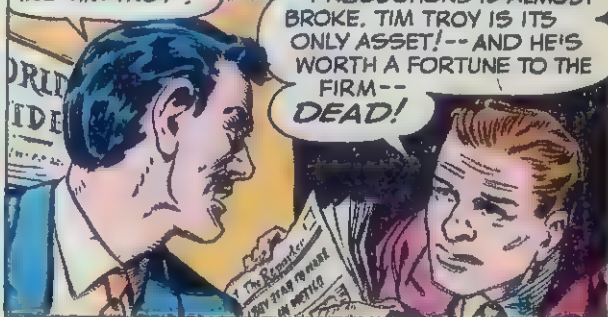


NEXT MORNING, AT THE WEST COAST OFFICE OF THE WORLD-WIDE INSURANCE COMPANY...

YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING ON YOUR MIND OR YOU WOULDN'T HAVE CALLED ME IN FROM HONOLULU! ARE WE STILL INSURING TIM TROY?

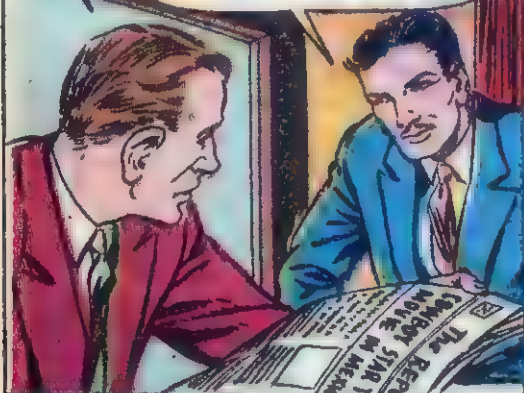
FOR A MILLION DOLLARS, CONGO BILL--ON A NEW POLICY THAT WE ISSUED JUST BEFORE WE FOUND OUT THAT STEEL PRODUCTIONS IS ALMOST BROKE. TIM TROY IS ITS ONLY ASSET!-- AND HE'S WORTH A FORTUNE TO THE FIRM--

DEAD!



KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

SURE! YOU WANT ME TO SEE THAT NOTHING HAPPENS TO THAT MOVIE STAR WHILE HE'S ON LOCATION! OKAY, I'LL HOP THE NEXT PLANE TO MEXICO!



A FEW HOURS LATER, SOUTH OF THE BORDER, AT HERMOSILLO...

SIGN THIS PAPER AND REPORT TO THE COSTUME DEPARTMENT! NEXT!

SI, SENOR, GRACIAS!

WHAT AN IDEA TO PROTECT MY IDENTITY! I'LL GET ON THE LOT AND BE CLOSE TO TIM TROY AS AN EXTRA!



SOON AFTER, DISGUISED AS A MEXICAN BANDIT, CONGO BILL REPORTS FOR WORK...

GET READY TO RIDE! MOUNTED EXTRAS WILL CHASE THE WAGON DOWN THE MOUNTAIN ROAD! AND WATCH THE SPEED OF YOUR HORSES SO YOU DON'T GET OUT OF CAMERA RANGE! THIS IS A MEDIUM SHOT! CAMERA! ROLL!

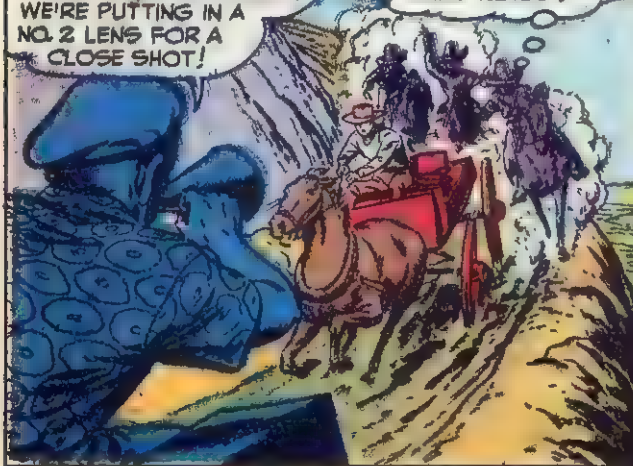
THAT'S A TREACHEROUS ROAD AHEAD! I'D BETTER HUG THE CANYON SIDE!



FLYING HOOPS CLATTER AND BLANK PISTOL SHOTS RENT THE AIR...

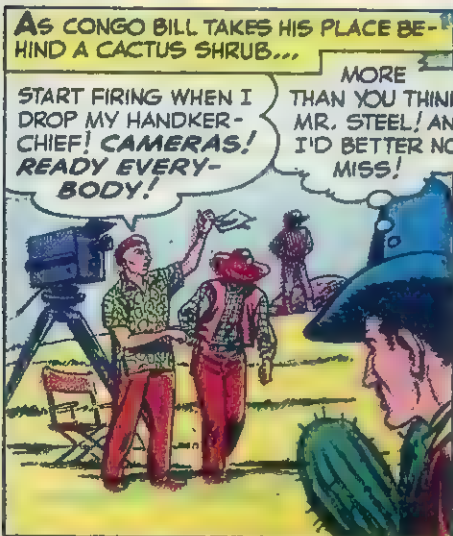
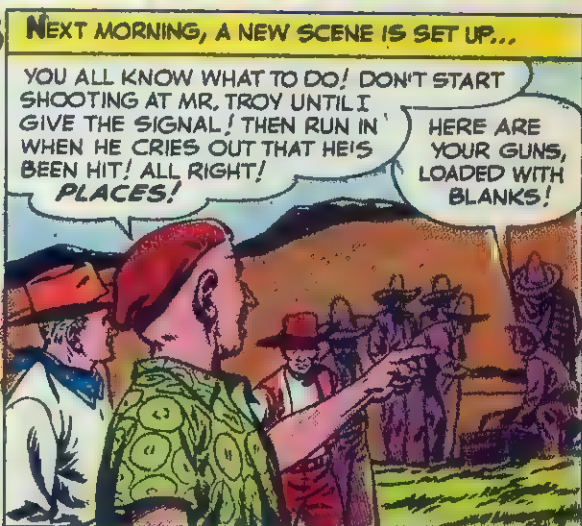
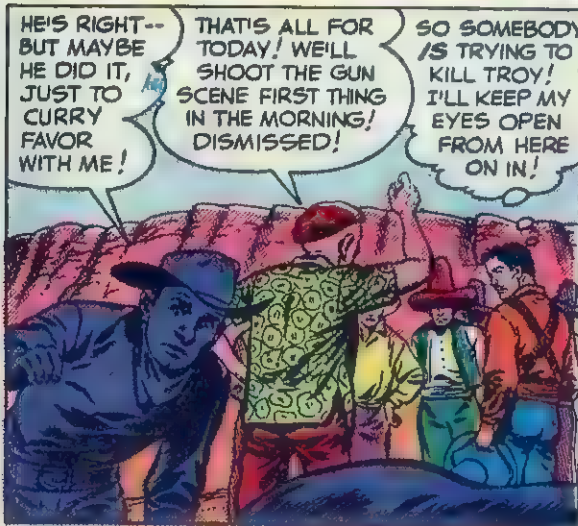
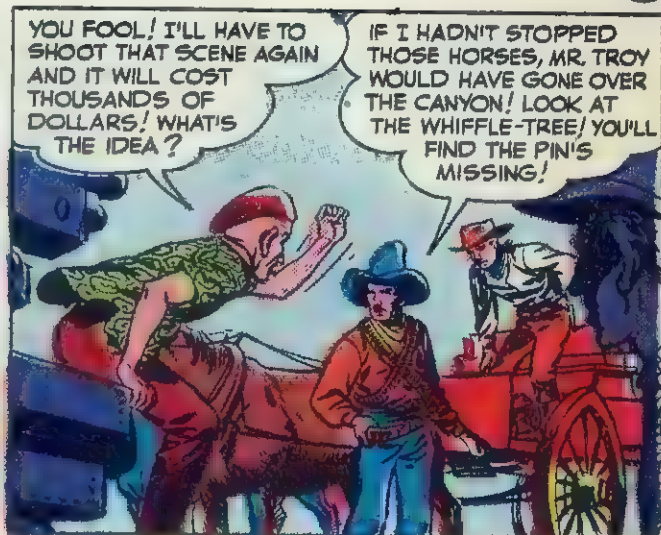
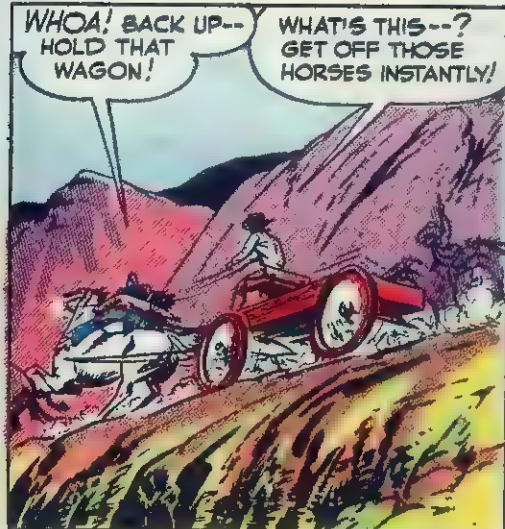
STOP THE CAMERAS!... MORE SPEED, MR. TROY! AND STAND UP IN THE WAGON! WE'RE PUTTING IN A NO. 2 LENS FOR A CLOSE SHOT!

HE WANTS MORE SPEED? IT'D BE SUICIDE TO -- WAIT A MINUTE...WHAT'S THAT NOISE?



A PIN FROM THAT WHIFFLE-TREE IS GONE! THAT WAGON WILL BREAK LOOSE FROM THE HORSES IF I DON'T MOVE FAST!

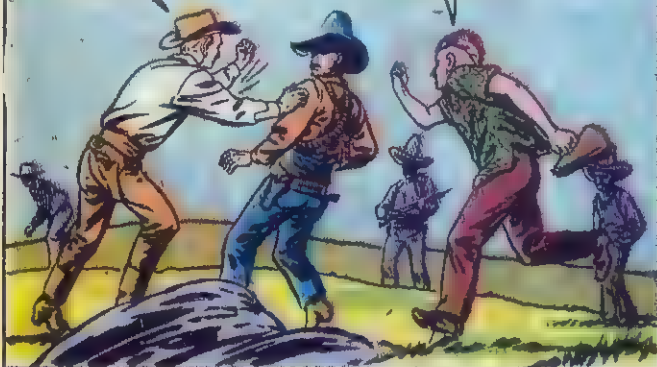




BUT NEXT MOMENT...

YOU RUINED ANOTHER ONE OF MY SCENES! GET OUT OF HERE!

YOU HEARD HIM! I'M FIRING YOU OFF THIS LOT! IF WE EVER CATCH YOU AROUND HERE AGAIN--? **NOW GET!**



TROY WOULDN'T BELIEVE THAT STEEL AND MEARNS ARE TRYING TO MURDER HIM! MEARNS DITCHED THE GUN AS SOON AS I STARTED FOR HIM! I'D BETTER FIGURE OUT ANOTHER WAY OF SAVING THAT FOOL MOVIE STAR'S LIFE!

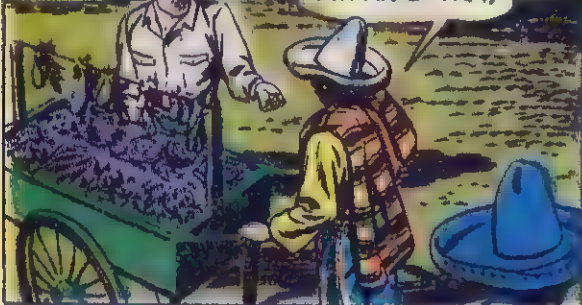
STEEL PRODUCTIONS



THAT NIGHT, IN THE QUIANT VILLAGE...

WHY ARE YOU DRESSED SO FANCY? IS THERE A FIESTA TONIGHT?

NO, SENOR! THIS IS THE COSTUME I AM TO WEAR TOMORROW MORNING! THE MOVIE COMPANY MAKE PICTURE OF SENOR TROY FIGHTING THE BULL, I AM AN EXTRA!



YOU DON'T SAY! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE IN THE MOVIES. WOULD YOU LET ME TAKE YOUR PLACE FOR 50 PESOS?

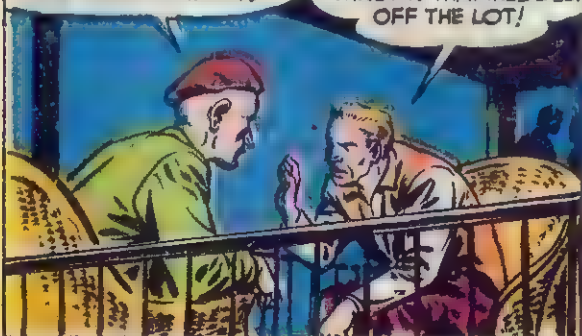
SI! I WILL DO IT! GRACIAS!



MEANWHILE, ON A VERANDA OF A NEARBY HOTEL...

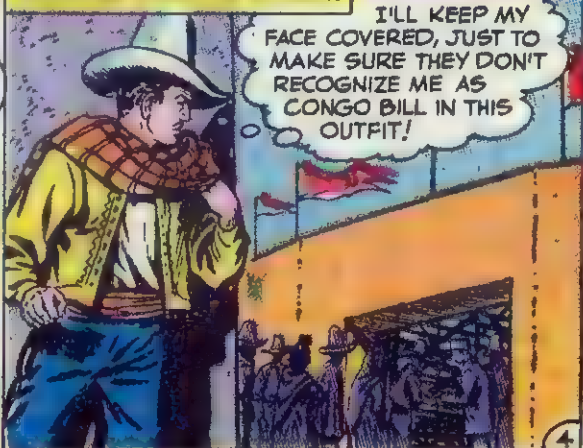
WE'VE HAD TWO TRIES, MEARNS, AND BOTH WERE WASHOUTS! TOMORROW, WE CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS! IT'S A MILLION DOLLARS TO US IF TROY DIES ACCIDENTALLY!

DON'T WORRY, MR. STEEL! WE WON'T MISS TOMORROW, NOW THAT WE'VE THROWN THAT MEDDLER OFF THE LOT!



NEXT MORNING, LOCAL PEASANTS, RECRUITED TO PLAY EXTRAS, PRESENT THEIR PASSES TO BE ADMITTED ONTO THE SCENE...

I'LL KEEP MY FACE COVERED, JUST TO MAKE SURE THEY DON'T RECOGNIZE ME AS CONGO BILL IN THIS OUTFIT!



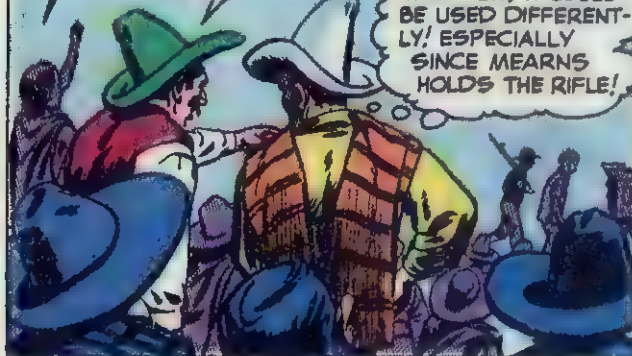
PRESENTLY, IN THE STANDS AWAITING THE BULLFIGHT...

EL TORO!
EL TORO!

WHY DO THE
AMERICANOS
CARRY RIFLE
TO KILL BULL?

THAT'S IN CASE THE
BULL TRIES TO GORE
THE ACTOR!

HOLD ON! IT COULD
BE USED DIFFERENT-
LY! ESPECIALLY
SINCE MEARNS
HOLDS THE RIFLE!



SPEEDING TO TIM TROY'S DRESSING ROOM...

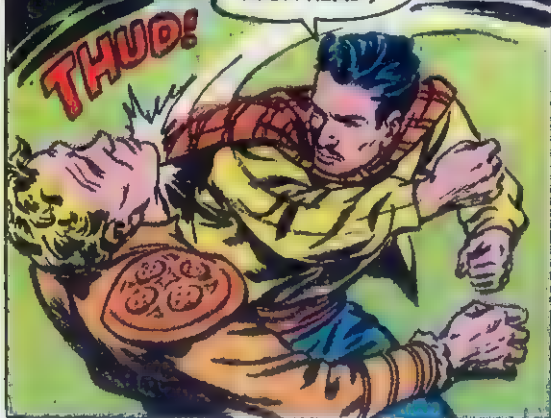
TROY, LISTEN! I'M CONGO
BILL FROM WORLD-WIDE
INSURANCE! STEEL AND
MEARNS ARE TRYING TO
MURDER YOU AND MAKE
IT LOOK LIKE AN
ACCIDENT! DON'T
GO OUT THERE TO
FIGHT THAT BULL!

DON'T BE CRAZY!
NOBODYS GOING
TO KILL ME,
ESPECIALLY
STEEL! I'M THE
STAR OF HIS
COMPANY! NOW,
PLEASE GO!



SORRY, TROY! IT'S THE
ONLY WAY TO POUND
SOME SENSE INTO
YOUR HEAD!

THUD!



READY, MR. TROY?
WE'RE ABOUT TO
SHOOT THE BULL-
FIGHT SEQUENCE!

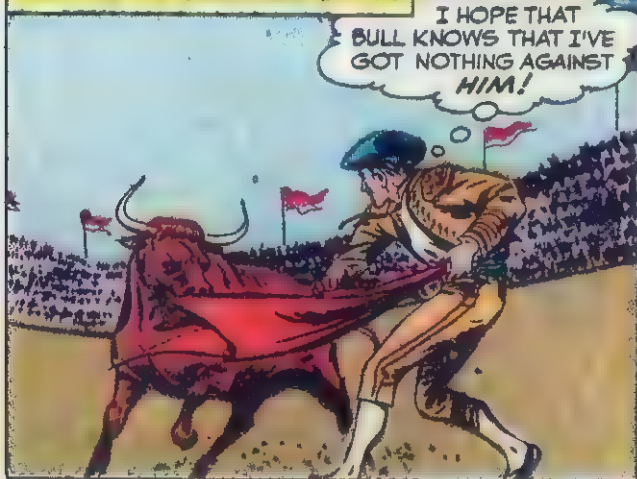
BE RIGHT
THERE!

IF THERE'S NO
CLOSE-UP, THEY
WON'T BE ABLE
TO TELL THE
DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN TROY
AND ME! AT LEAST
THE BULL WON'T,
ANYHOW!

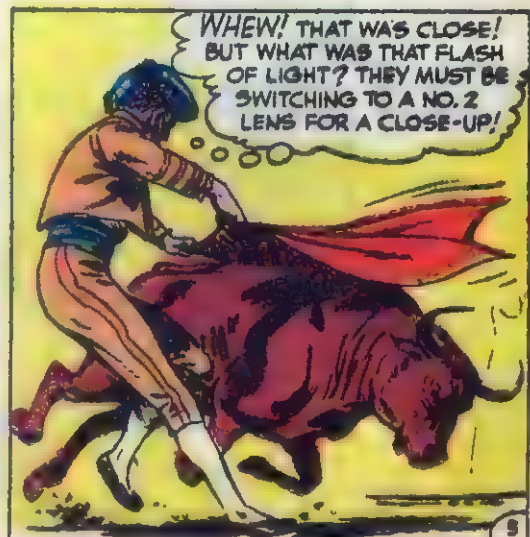


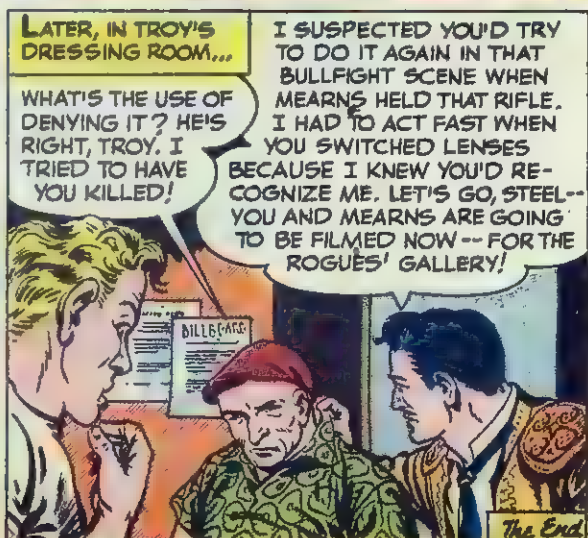
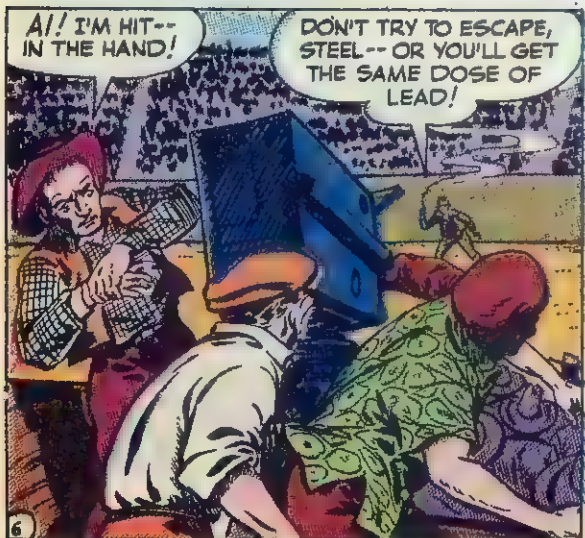
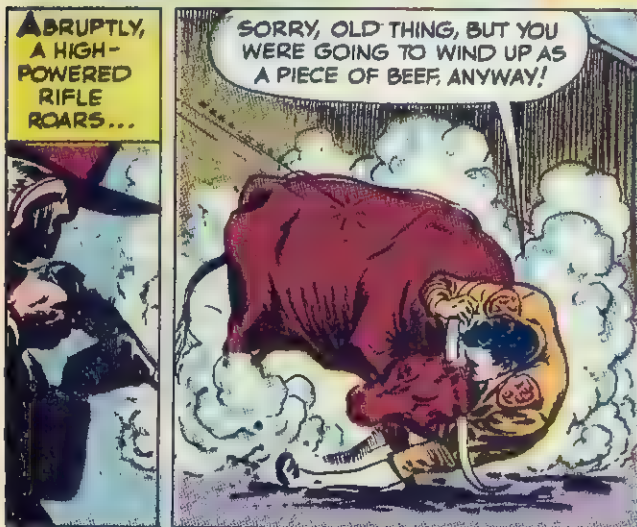
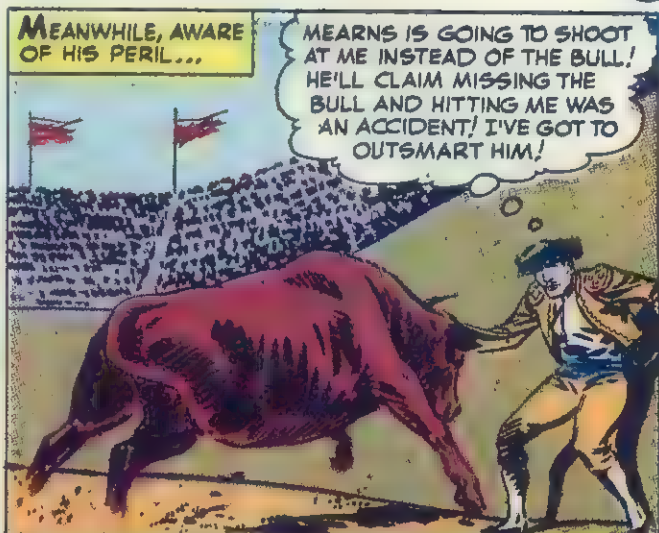
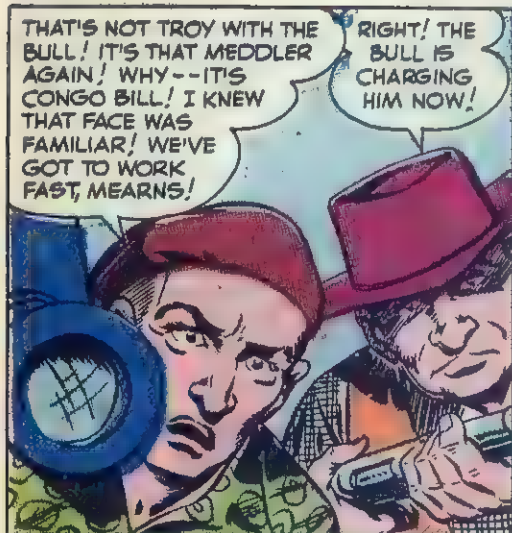
CAMERAS GRIND AS CONGO BILL TAKES HIS POSITION,
AWAITING THE ONRUSHING BULL...

I HOPE THAT
BULL KNOWS THAT I'VE
GOT NOTHING AGAINST
HIM!



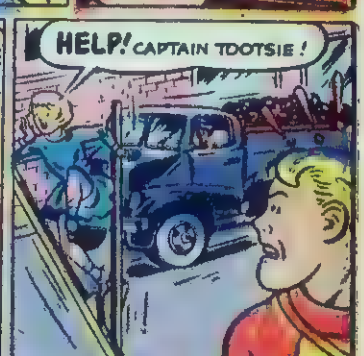
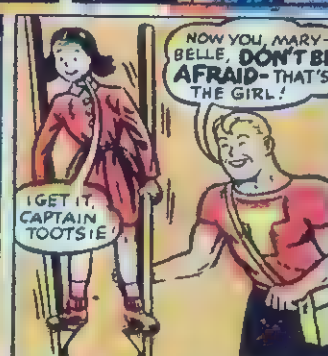
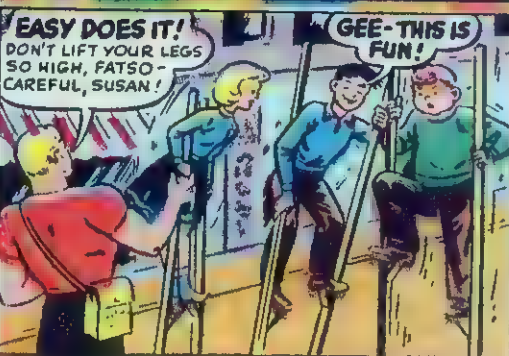
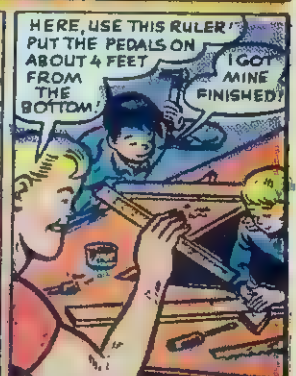
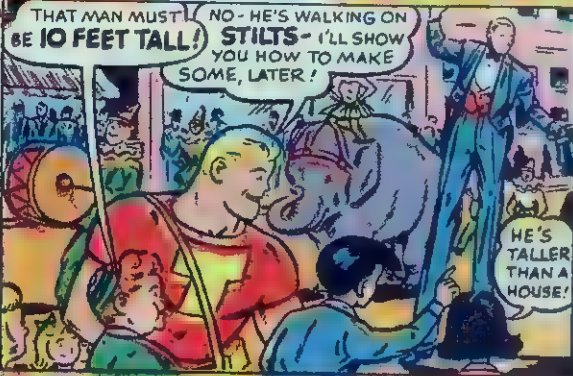
WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!
BUT WHAT WAS THAT FLASH
OF LIGHT? THEY MUST BE
SWITCHING TO A NO. 2
LENS FOR A CLOSE-UP!



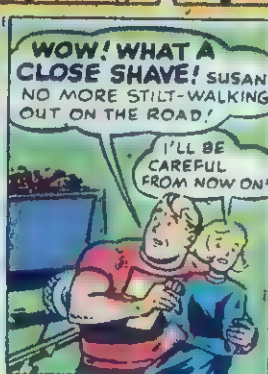
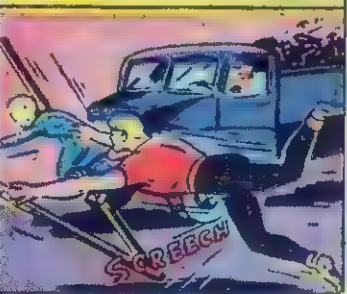


Captain Tootsie

SHOWS 'EM HOW TO WALK ON STILTS
By BILL SCHREIBER



WITH UTTER DISREGARD FOR HIS OWN SAFETY, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE LUNGES FOR SUSAN, TRYING TO SAVE HER.



WHAT DELICIOUS POPS, TOO! EACH FILLED WITH TOOTSIE ROLL LICKIN' GOOD FLAVORS!

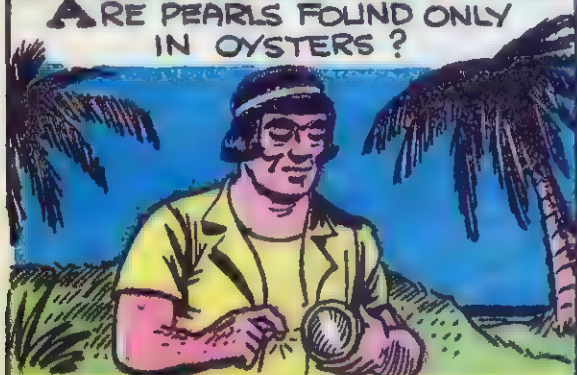
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DELICIOUS CHEWY TOOTSIE ROLL CENTER

QUICK QUIZ

ARE PEARLS FOUND ONLY
IN OYSTERS?



NO! SOMETIMES PEARLS WILL
FORM IN COCONUTS JUST
AS THEY DO IN OYSTERS!

ABOUT HOW MANY METEORS
STRIKE THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE
EVERY DAY?



APPROXIMATELY **FIVE BILLION!**

WHAT IS THE **LARGEST**
OF ALL SEA BIRDS?



THE ALBATROSS WHICH OFTEN
MEASURES **18 FEET** FROM TIP TO
TIP OF ITS EXPANDED WINGS!
WHenever FOOD IS PLENTIFUL IT
LIKES TO GORGE ITSELF TO SUCH A DEGREE
THAT IT CAN NEITHER FLY NOR SWIM!

HOW MUCH OF THE CORN GROWN
IN THE U.S.A. IS EATEN BY
THE PEOPLE DIRECTLY?



ABOUT **10% ONLY!** 90%
OF THE CORN IS FED TO ANIMALS!

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SUPERMAN'S

SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Jupiter No. 4)

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c/o ACTION COMICS

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APRIL

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA.
I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to
receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....



THE world traveler today is a very lucky person. He can hop a plane, span the vast ranges of the Andes and the Himalayas, cross the seven seas in record time, zoom over the great unnavigable rivers and end up just about where he wants to in this great, wide, wonderful world. In this respect, man is close to his fellow man—in addition to which, telephone, radio, motion pictures and television—all have brought the peoples of the world closer together than ever before.

But what is the one great barrier between peoples of the world, a barrier that has existed since the famous story in the Bible of the Tower of Babel? Why, the *language* barrier!

The Bible relates that at one time the whole world was united in one speech. But there were people so full of false pride that they undertook to build a tower which would reach clear to the heavens. And God punished the peoples of the earth for this arrogance by confusing the language of mankind so that they were divided from one another. And so it is today, although with education, more people than ever before speak another language besides their own.

However, there are hundreds of languages in the world, and if we count dialects, there are thousands. Thus, millions of people are kept apart from each other's ideas and communications by speech differences. In the United Nations, sessions are necessarily slower than they would be if

everybody spoke a common tongue—and even with interpreters there are bound to be certain misunderstandings among people who are unacquainted with the other's language.

There is a solution to this. It is hoped, that within a not too far distant period of time, there will be a universal language. It has been thought in the past that English or French might well be chosen as the common tongue to be learned by all people—but unfortunately too much national jealousy will probably make such a choice impractical for many years to come, until the world is truly united.

Meanwhile, efforts to establish an artificial language have been going on for hundreds of years and still go on.

A Frenchman named Francois Sudre back in 1817 invented a language which, for a while, showed some promise of becoming an important contribution to a universal expression. Sudre based his new language on the notes of the musical scale—Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, and si. These seven notes are common to all Europeans and easily pronounced by any other nation.

Sudre used these notes as the alphabet for his language and he called his new invention *Solresol*. The idea certainly seemed full of promise, but nothing much came of it. It was found to be monotonous and confusing when people tried to apply it to communication, and it died an early death.

Then came a language which, had it not

been for the stubbornness of one man, might well have become the one important universal speech. It was *Volapuk*, a distorted form of the English word, "World-speech." Its inventor, a brilliant priest called Father Johann Schleyer, based *Volapuk* upon spoken languages in Europe, as well as English. And, despite the fact that *Volapuk* was ugly and very difficult to learn grammatically, it became enormously popular. In 1880, it was first introduced to the world. By 1889, there were clubs devoted to the study of *Volapuk* all over the world and its success seemed possible. An academy was formed to promote *Volapuk*, staffed with earnest and learned men who were dedicated to spreading the language all over the world. But Father Schleyer refused to have his invention changed or altered in any respect, and the Academy turned its thoughts to other universal languages.

Just about the time when it was thought that *Volapuk* might be the answer to the problem, a young Pole, Louis Lazarus Zamenhof, came out with his new world tongue, the *Lingvo Internaciona de la Doktoro Esperanto*, or the International Language of Doctor Hopeful. *Esperanto*, then, was the name by which the new language was and still is known. The grammar of *Esperanto* can be learned by almost anyone of average intelligence in half an hour, and the sound of *Esperanto* is much more attractive than any previous artificial languages.

Its roots are based on the Romance languages in the main, all of which are originally derived from Latin. *Esperanto* did not catch on very quickly to begin with—but just before the first World War, it was spreading very rapidly. Then the war came and caused a natural slowing up of activities having to do with a universal language. However, today *Esperanto* is by far the

most widely known and used of so-called artificial international tongues. There are others, but they are offshoots and imitations of *Esperanto*—or, as their supporters claim, actual improvements on *Esperanto*.

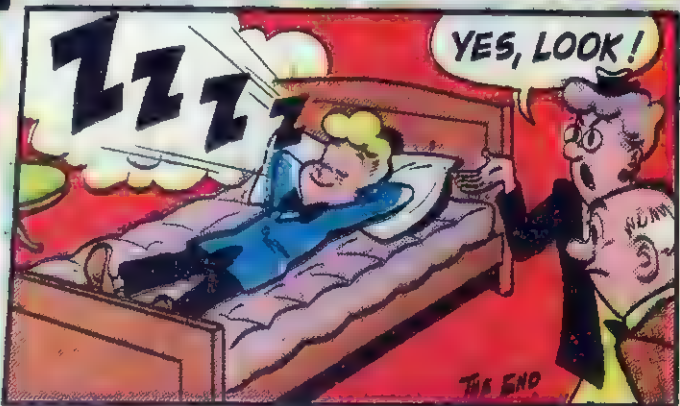
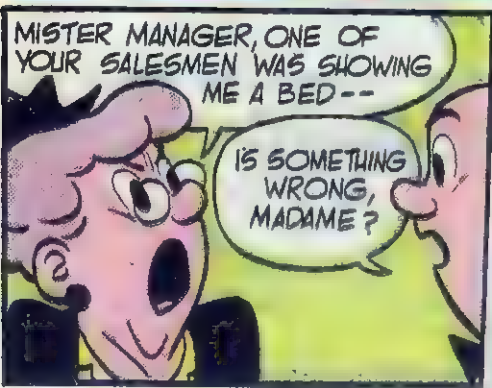
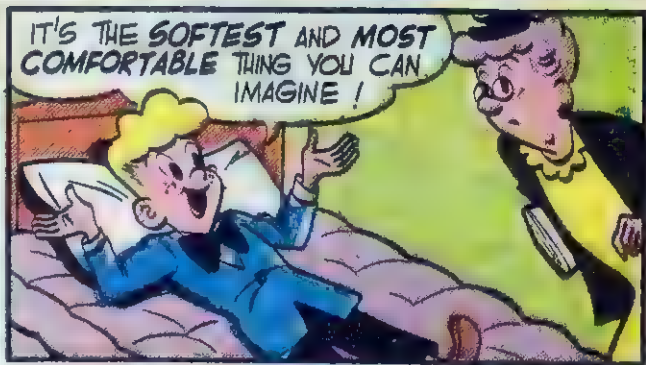
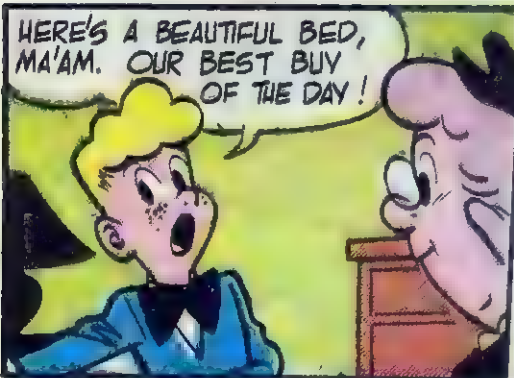
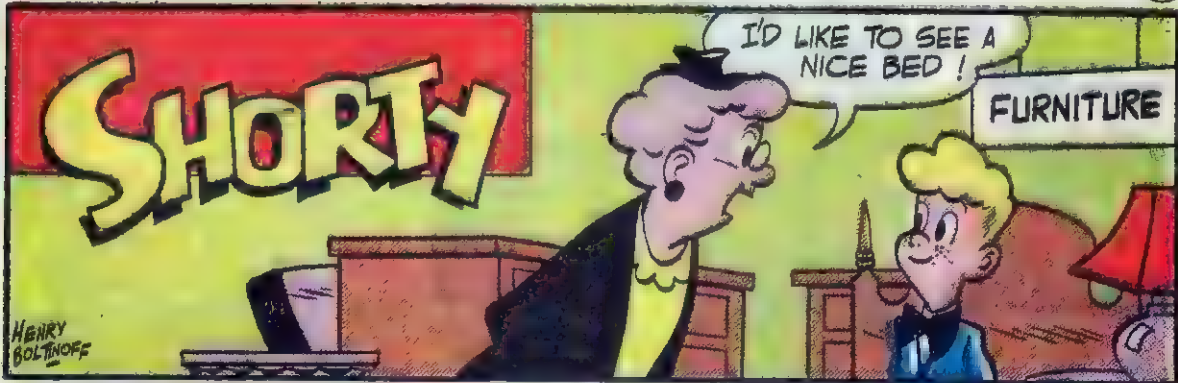
The fact that it is a generally accepted language is demonstrated by the fact that *Esperanto* is taught in commercial schools under the London City Council and the Paris Chamber of Commerce. It has been used on programs of various radio stations in Europe and South America, and there is a Universal Esperanto Association, which works hard to spread the *Esperanto* idea throughout the world.

What hope is there now for establishing a universal language? There is certainly a great need for such, as we all know. There are certain stumbling blocks in regard to *Esperanto* itself. It has made very little real progress since before the second World War, mainly because not enough organizations are behind it to push its following. People were slow to take it up, fearing that continuous changes would be made, making what they had learned obsolete before they could put it into practice.

Obviously, what is sorely needed then, is to have an international assembly on a universal language established, which will study and investigate the very best ways of improving *Esperanto* and will then see to it that the final result would be taught in every school in the world.

In a short time, the new tongue would take hold, and the world traveler, the statesman, the businessman, and you and I could converse freely with the Chinese, the Persian, the Spaniard, and the African.

It's a nice idea, isn't it? And it's perfectly possible: Anything which man can imagine in the way of one world is possible, if worked for hard enough.



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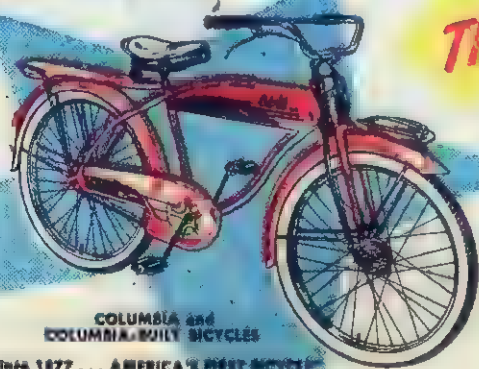
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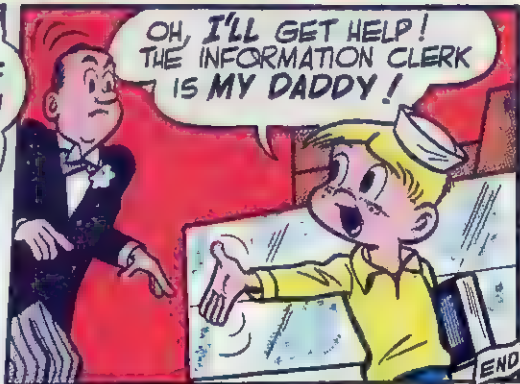
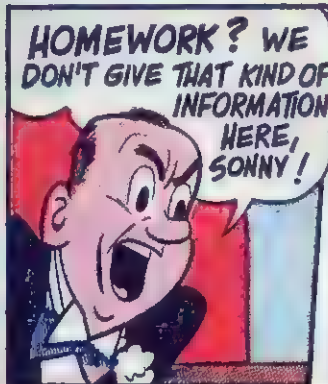
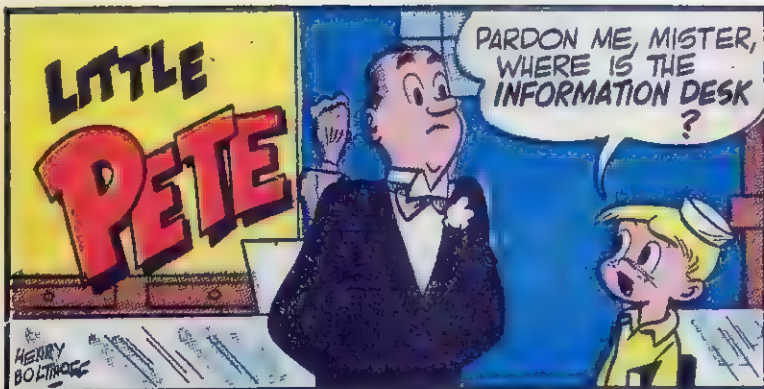
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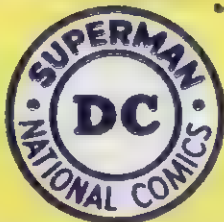
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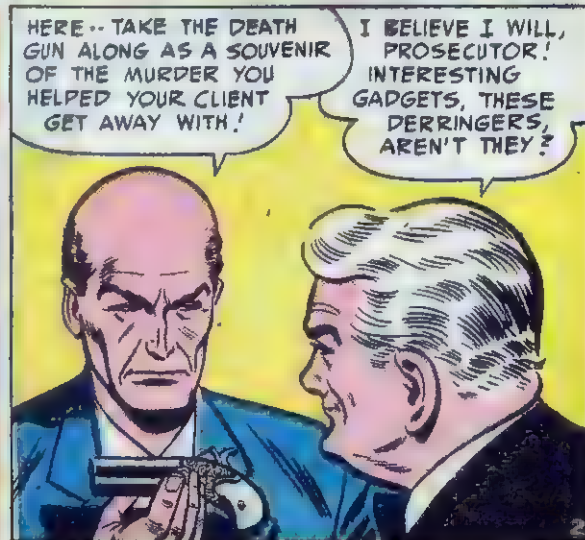
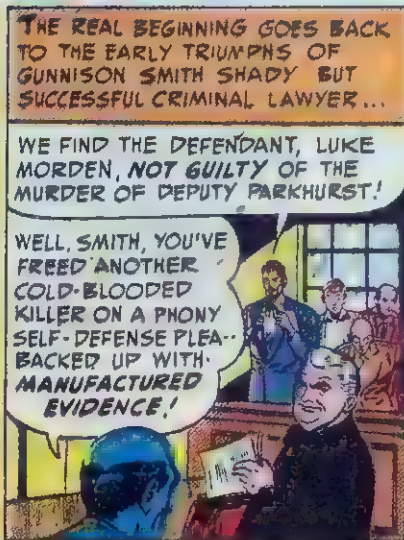
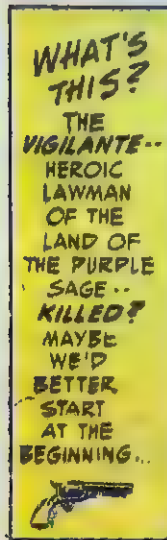
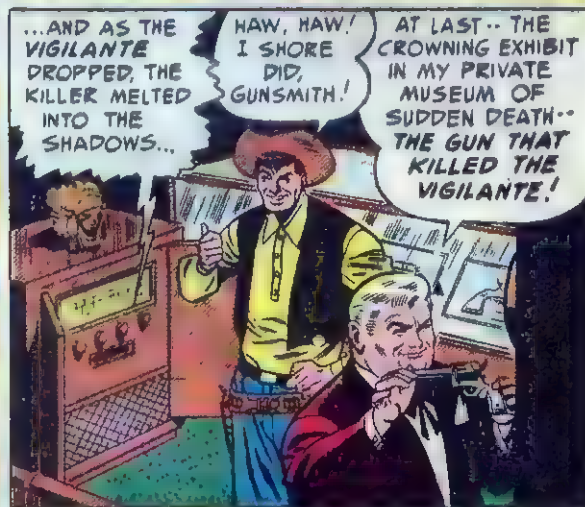
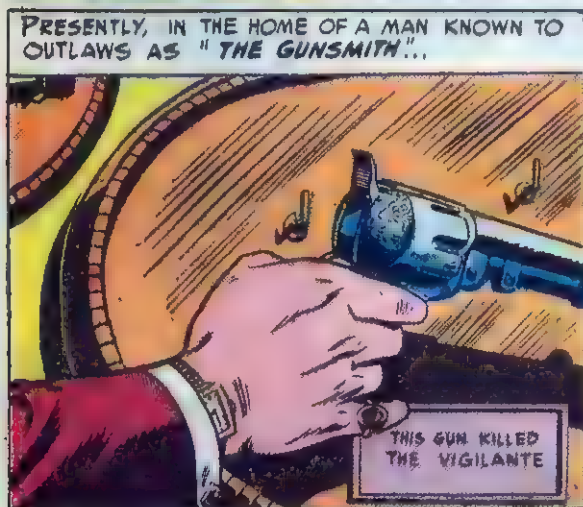
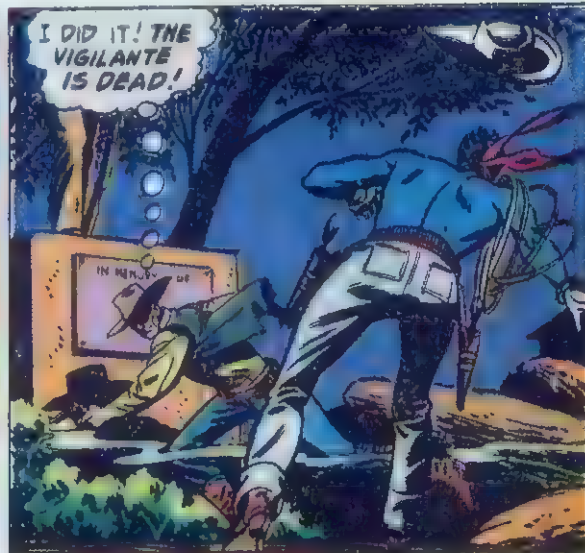
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VIGILANTE



"the GUN THAT KILLED THE VIGILANTE!"



SMITH SOON FINDS A STRANGE FASCINATION IN THE DEADLY WEAPON...

LUKE, I'M GOING TO KEEP THIS TO COMMEMORATE THE TRIUMPH OF MY GENIUS OVER THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW!

SENTIMENTAL, HUH? I'LL GIVE YUH THE SHOTGUN THAT KILLED THE EXPRESS GUARD IN THAT HOLDUP YUH PROVED I DIDN'T COMMIT LAST YEAR!



IN TIME, OTHER SOUVENIRS OF MURDER FEED A COLLECTOR'S FEVER THAT BURNS WITH A SINISTER GLOW...

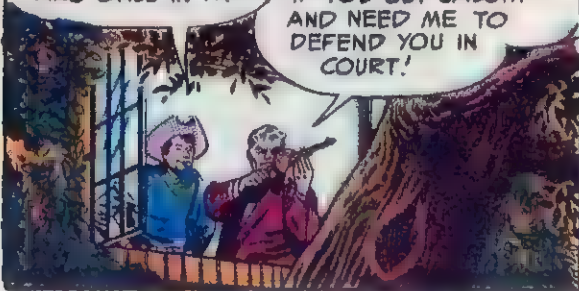
GETTING THIS SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN THAT KILLED THE CHIEF OF POLICE YESTERDAY WAS A STROKE OF LUCK! MY TROPHY ROOM IS FINALLY BEGINNING TO LOOK LIKE SOMETHING!



AND AS THE WORD SPREADS AMONG OUTLAWS THAT THE GUNSMITH WILL PAY WELL FOR CHOICE ITEMS...

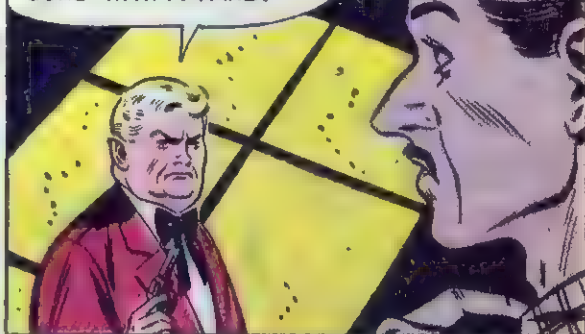
IT'S THE ONE I SHOT THE BANK CASHIER WITH YESTERDAY! THE EMPTY SHELLS ARE STILL IN IT!

I PREFER GUNS USED ON PEACE OFFICERS, LEFTY, BUT I'LL GIVE YOU \$100 FOR THIS-- AND A SPECIAL RATE IF YOU GET CAUGHT AND NEED ME TO DEFEND YOU IN COURT!



YOU LIED ABOUT THIS GUN KILLING THE LEADVILLE MARSHAL! I HAD THE BULLETS COMPARED! YOU'D HAVE LET ME CHEAPEN THE WORLD'S FINEST COLLECTION OF MURDER GUNS WITH A FAKE!

GUESS-- UH-- I MADE A MISTAKE!



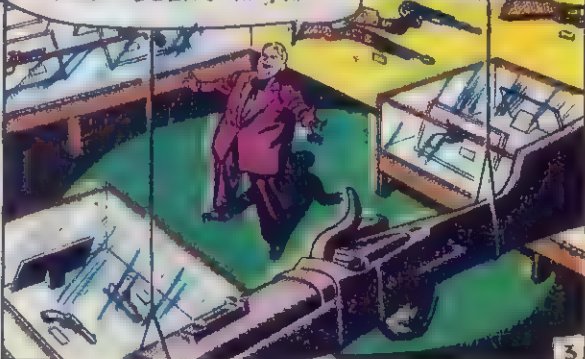
A BAD MISTAKE, JOE! I'M TURNING YOU OVER TO THE LAW-- ALONG WITH THE MISSING EVIDENCE IN THAT OLD TRAIN ROBBERY CASE!

NO! DON'T MAKE ME DO A 20-YEAR STRETCH, GUNSMITH! I'LL NEVER TRICK YUH AG'IN!

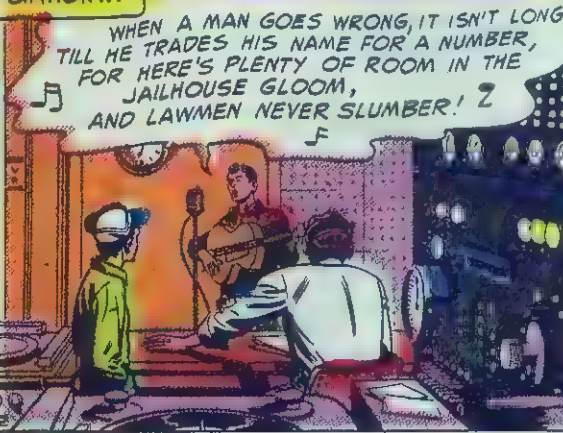


EVENTUALLY, GUNNISON SMITH'S GRIM HOBBY BECOMES A MANIA THAT DOMINATES HIS LIFE...

MY FATAL BEAUTIES--AUTHENTIC INSTRUMENTS OF DEATH FOR 40 MEN! NEVER BEFORE HAS SUCH A PRICELESS MOCKERY OF JUSTICE BEEN SEEN! HA, HA!



AT ABOUT THE TIME OF THE LAWYER'S MAD OUT-BURST, GREG SANDERS, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR SINGS A SONG OF JUSTICE AT A NEARBY RADIO STATION...



WHILE DIRECTLY ACROSS THE STREET...

AT THE PRISON GATE, IT IS FAR TOO LATE TO PROFIT BY REPENTENCE, FOR THE LONGEST TIME IN A LIFE OF CRIME IS THE LENGTH OF THE JUDGE'S SENTENCE!

THE MANAGER'S LISTENIN' TO THAT KINWOODLIN' RADIO COWBOY! WE'LL GRAB THE CASH BOX AN' START RIDIN' 'FORE HE KNOWS WHAT'S HAPPENIN'!



BUT THE BANDITS ARE SPOTTED-- AND AS GREG SIGNS OFF AND JOINS HIS YOUNG PAL STUFF IN A DRESSING ROOM...

LOOK, GREG -- TWO OWLHOOTERS ARE SHOOTING IT OUT WITH THE SHERIFF AND A DEPUTY!

RECKON I'D BETTER GET INTO MY VIGILANTE TOGS, STUFF! YOU SCOOT DOWN AND SADDLE MY MOTORCYCLE, IN CASE WE HAVE TO TRAVEL!



I'M HIT!

A LIGHTNING CHANGE OF COSTUME--AND THE VALOROUS VIGILANTE PLUNGES INTO THE FRAY!

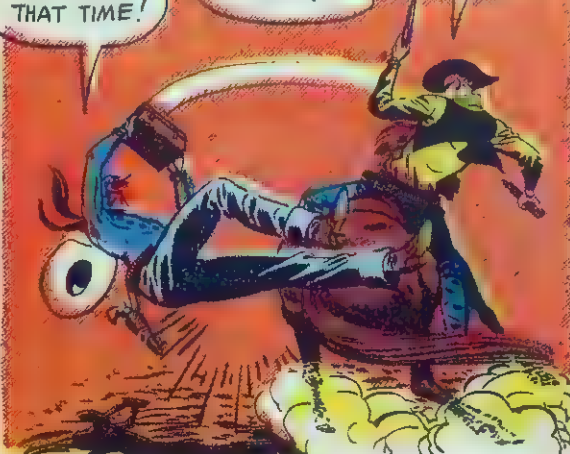
VIGILANTE! YUH'LL NEVER GIT ME!

IF I DON'T, IT'LL BE BECAUSE ANOTHER LAW-MAN BEATS ME TO IT!



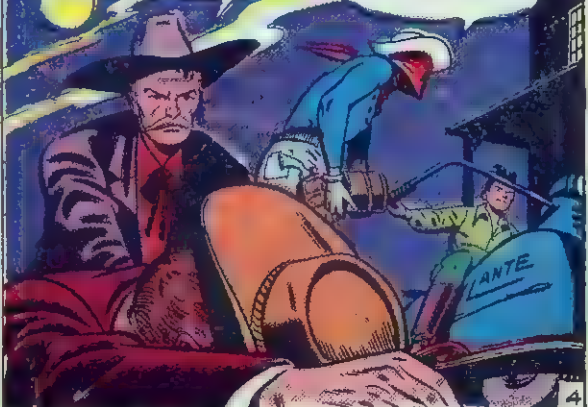
OOF! ALMOST HAD YOU THAT TIME!

YUH'D BE A DEAD DUCK IF MY PISTOL WASN'T EMPTY!



SHERIFF STORM IS DEAD-- AN' ONE O'THE MURDERIN' SKUNK'S GETTIN' AWAY!

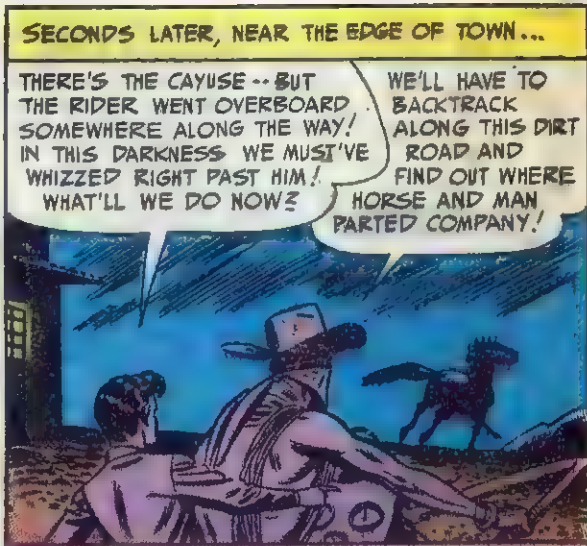
'NOT YET HE ISN'T! GRAB THIS CASH BOX WHILE I HIT THE TRAIL!





LOW
BRIDGE!

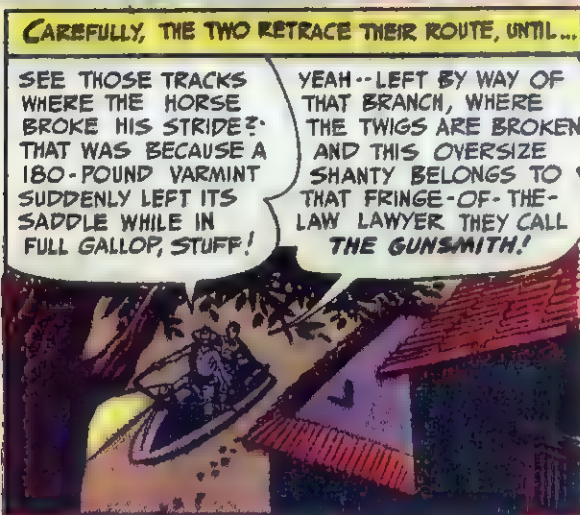
LET'S GO, VIG! THE
HOMBRE YOU'RE AFTER
TOOK THE SECOND TURN
TO THE LEFT!



SECONDS LATER, NEAR THE EDGE OF TOWN...

THERE'S THE CAYUSE -- BUT
THE RIDER WENT OVERBOARD
SOMEWHERE ALONG THE WAY!
IN THIS DARKNESS WE MUST'VE
WHIZZED RIGHT PAST HIM!

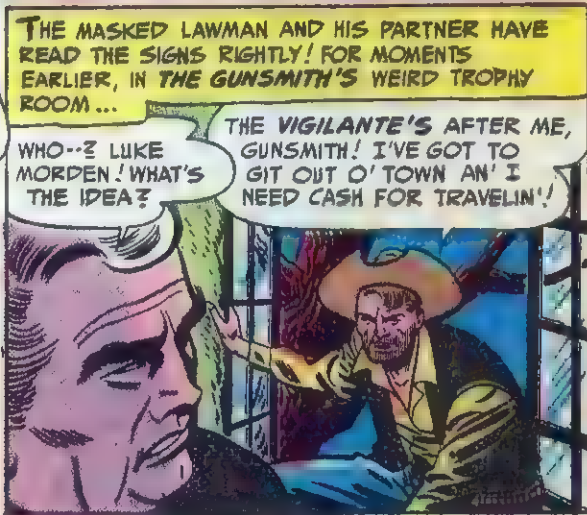
WE'LL HAVE TO
BACKTRACK
ALONG THIS DIRT
ROAD AND
FIND OUT WHERE
HORSE AND MAN
PARTED COMPANY!



CAREFULLY, THE TWO RETRACE THEIR ROUTE, UNTIL...

SEE THOSE TRACKS
WHERE THE HORSE
BROKE HIS STRIDE?
THAT WAS BECAUSE A
180-POUND VARMIN'T
SUDDENLY LEFT ITS
SADDLE WHILE IN
FULL GALLOP, STUFF!

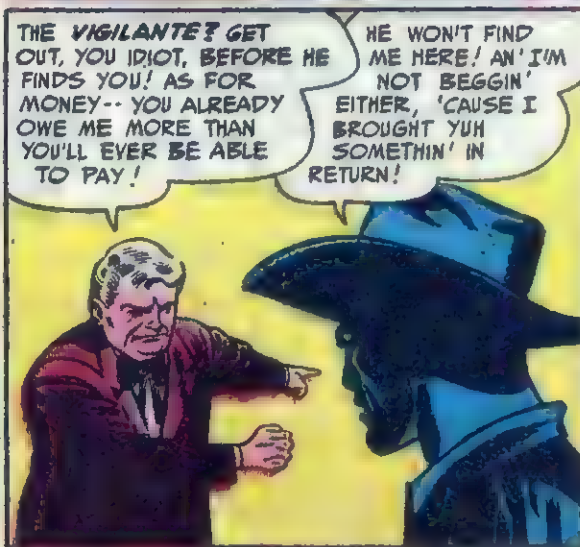
YEAH -- LEFT BY WAY OF
THAT BRANCH, WHERE
THE TWIGS ARE BROKEN!
AND THIS OVERSIZE
SHANTY BELONGS TO
THAT FRINGE-OF-THE-
LAW LAWYER THEY CALL
THE GUNSMITH!



THE MASKED LAWMAN AND HIS PARTNER HAVE
READ THE SIGNS RIGHTLY! FOR MOMENTS
EARLIER, IN THE GUNSMITH'S WEIRD TROPHY
ROOM...

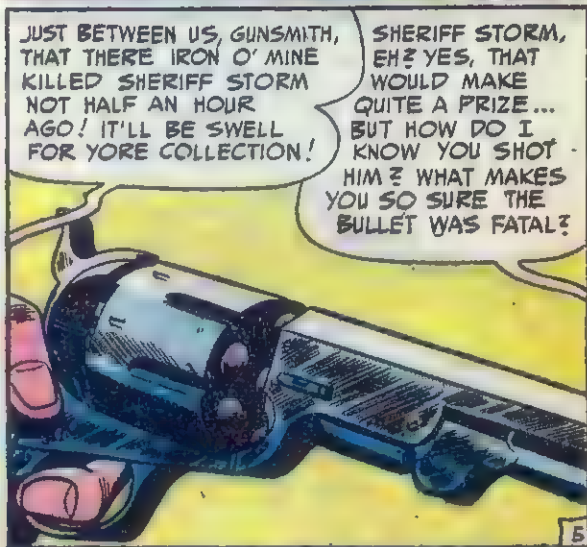
WHO--? LUKE
MORDEN! WHAT'S
THE IDEA?

THE VIGILANTE'S AFTER ME,
GUNSMITH! I'VE GOT TO
GIT OUT O' TOWN AN' I
NEED CASH FOR TRAVELIN'!



THE VIGILANTE? GET
OUT, YOU IDIOT, BEFORE HE
FINDS YOU! AS FOR
MONEY-- YOU ALREADY
OWE ME MORE THAN
YOU'LL EVER BE ABLE
TO PAY!

HE WON'T FIND
ME HERE! AN' I'M
NOT BEGGIN'
EITHER, 'CAUSE I
BROUGHT YUH
SOMETHIN' IN
RETURN!



JUST BETWEEN US, GUNSMITH,
THAT THERE IRON O' MINE
KILLED SHERIFF STORM
NOT HALF AN HOUR
AGO! IT'LL BE SWELL
FOR YORE COLLECTION!

SHERIFF STORM,
EH? YES, THAT
WOULD MAKE
QUITE A PRIZE...
BUT HOW DO I
KNOW YOU SHOT
HIM? WHAT MAKES
YOU SO SURE THE
BULLET WAS FATAL?

JUST THEN, AS THEY HEAR THE POPPING OF A MOTORCYCLE...

IT'S THE **VIGILANTE!** HOW'D HE KNOW I WAS HERE?

NEVER MIND! HURRY... A TRAPDOOR UNDER THE MAT AT THE FOOT OF THE BACK STAIRS LEADS TO A SECRET ROOM UNDER THE BACK PORCH! HIDE THERE!

NEXT INSTANT...

VIGILANTE! THIS IS A REFRESHING SURPRISE! BUT ISN'T THIS A BIT... ER... UNUSUAL? MY VISITORS GENERALLY COME TO THE FRONT DOOR!

THAT SO? FROM THE MARKS OUTSIDE, AND THIS FRESH **SPUR SCAR** ON THE WINDOWSILL, I THOUGHT ONE OF THEM MIGHT HAVE COME THIS WAY!

AND THIS GUN'S STILL WARM FROM SHOOTING! RECKON YOUR PLACE'LL HAVE TO BE SEARCHED, SMITH! YOU SEE, SOMEBODY KILLED SHERIFF STORM!

YOU--UH--DON'T SAY? TSK, TSK! SEARCH ALL YOU WANT, THOUGH, YOU WON'T FIND ANYTHING HERE... I WAS USING THAT GUN TO SHOOT A RAT!

AND AFTER A THOROUGH SEARCH...

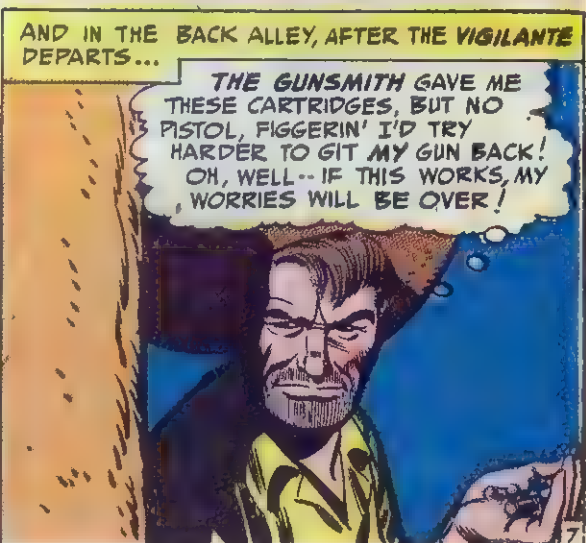
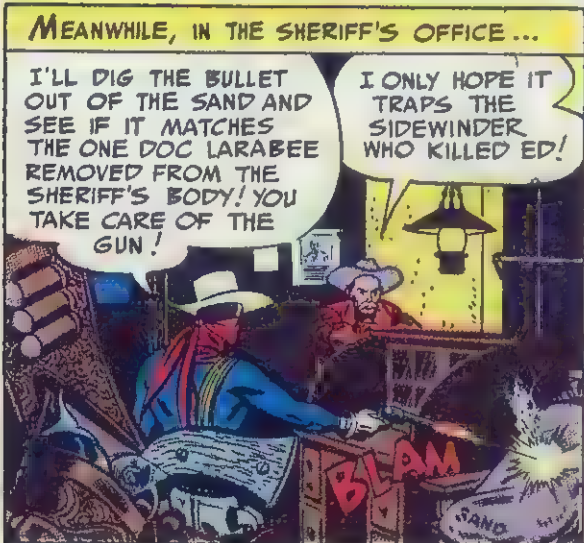
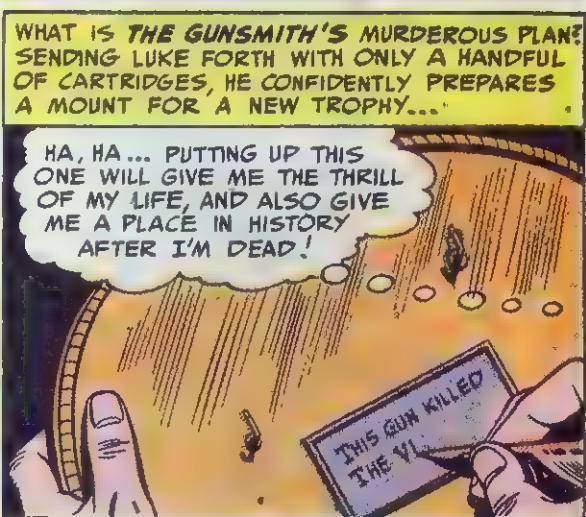
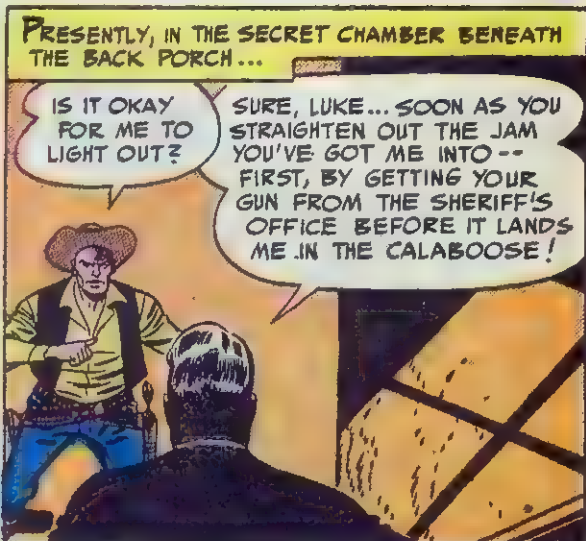
WELL, YOU'VE LOOKED EVERYWHERE! SATISFIED?

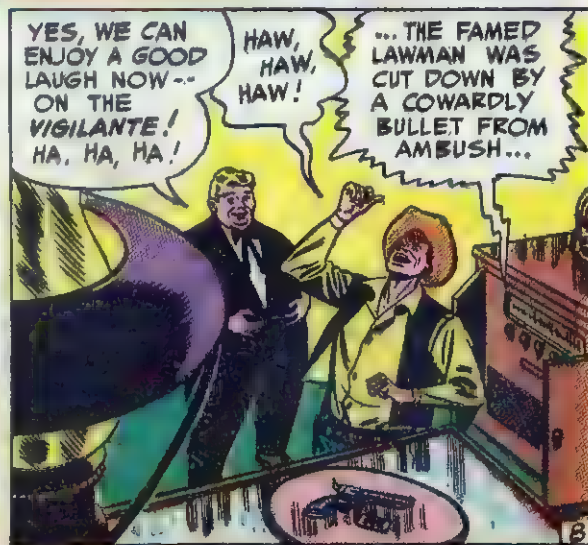
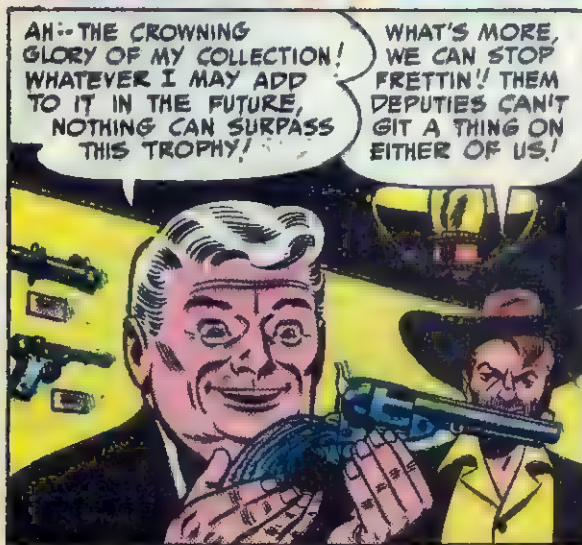
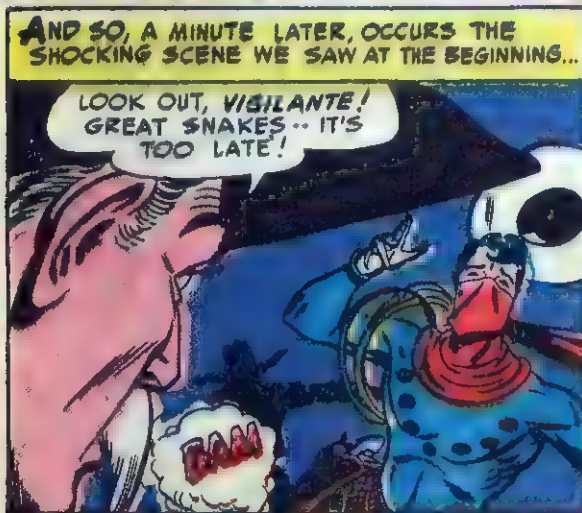
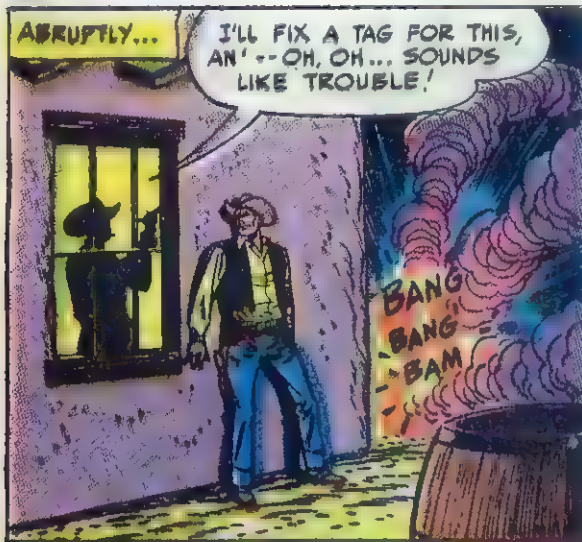
NOT QUITE, CONSIDERING THAT FRESH SPUR MARK! WE'LL COMPARE THE FATAL BULLETS WITH THE ONES IN THIS GUN-- AND LATER, MAYBE, TAKE A CLOSER LOOK AT YOUR ARSENAL!

A MAN AS FOND AS YOU OF MURDER WEAPONS MIGHT JUST HAPPEN TO HAVE ONE OR TWO THE AUTHORITIES ARE STILL LOOKING FOR!

GULPE IF HE FINDS OUT THAT GUN KILLED THE SHERIFF, I'LL GO TO PRISON FOR OBSTRUCTING JUSTICE, AT LEAST!

THEN HE'D FIND THE OTHER GUNS I CAN'T AFFORD TO BE CAUGHT WITH! STILL, I CAN'T BEAR TO PART WITH THEM EITHER... NOT AFTER THE TROUBLE AND EXPENSE OF COLLECTING THEM! AND I'D NEVER BE ABLE TO GO AFTER EVEN MORE EXCITING TROPHIES, LIKE--LIKE--







GO ON--LAUGH WHILE YOU CAN!

HUH? V-VIGILANTE!

B-BUT IT C-CAN'T BE... I HEARD IT WITH MY OWN EARS!



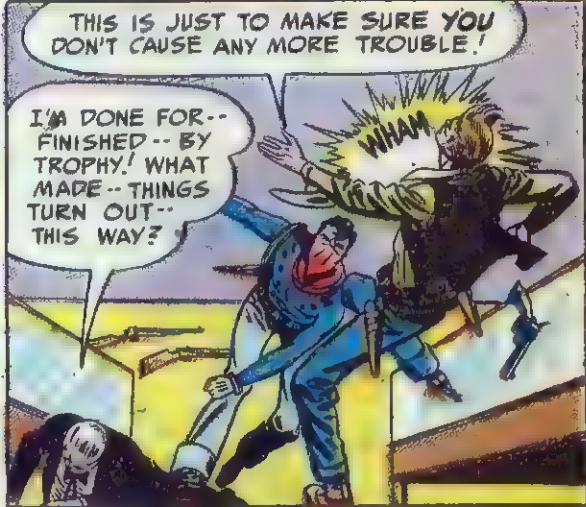
YOU STUPID FOOL, YOU'VE RUINED EVERYTHING!

TAKE YORE FAT PAWS OFF ME OR I'LL...



AND AS THE VIGILANTE LEAPS TO SEPARATE THE STRUGGLING PAIR...

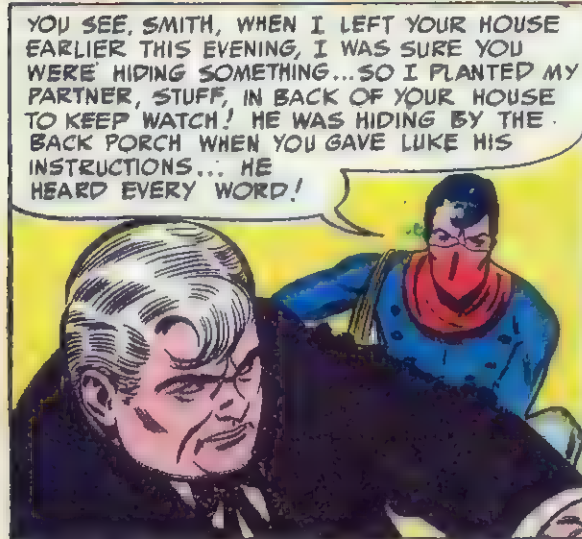
LOOK OUT! THAT GUN HAS A HAIR-TRIGGER ACTION...TOO LATE!



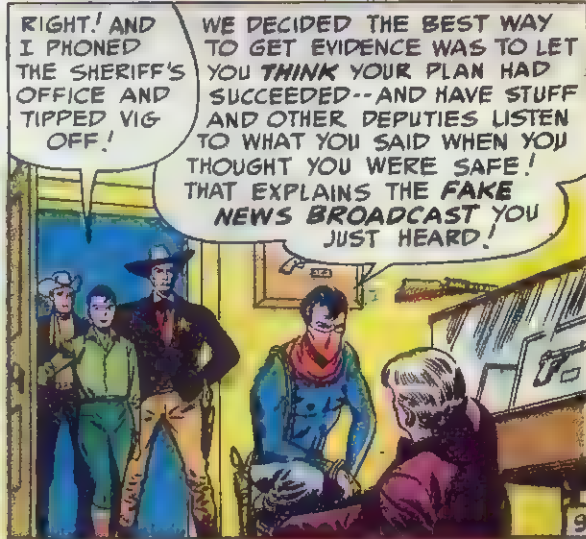
THIS IS JUST TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T CAUSE ANY MORE TROUBLE!

I'M DONE FOR-- FINISHED-- BY TROPHY! WHAT MADE-- THINGS TURN OUT-- THIS WAY?

WHAM



YOU SEE, SMITH, WHEN I LEFT YOUR HOUSE EARLIER THIS EVENING, I WAS SURE YOU WERE HIDING SOMETHING...SO I PLANTED MY PARTNER, STUFF, IN BACK OF YOUR HOUSE TO KEEP WATCH! HE WAS HIDING BY THE BACK PORCH WHEN YOU GAVE LUKE HIS INSTRUCTIONS... HE HEARD EVERY WORD!



RIGHT! AND I PHONED THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE AND TIPPED VIG OFF!

WE DECIDED THE BEST WAY TO GET EVIDENCE WAS TO LET YOU *THINK* YOUR PLAN HAD SUCCEEDED--AND HAVE STUFF AND OTHER DEPUTIES LISTEN TO WHAT YOU SAID WHEN YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE SAFE! THAT EXPLAINS THE *FAKE NEWS BROADCAST* YOU JUST HEARD!

THAT WASN'T LUKE'S GUN I LEFT FOR HIM TO STEAL WHEN HE EXPLODED THOSE CARTRIDGES TO CLEAR THE WAY! I PUT LUKE'S GUN IN MY HOLSTER AND LEFT ONE OF MINE, WHICH RESEMBLED IT!

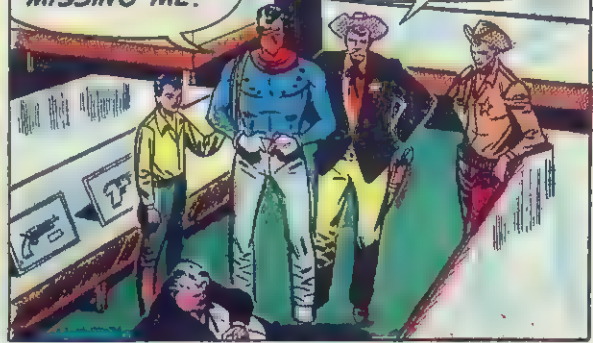


THAT'S ALL, SMITH-- EXCEPT YOU NEEDN'T HAVE WORRIED ABOUT LUKE'S GUN AT ALL! WE MADE A FAST COMPARISON OF BULLETS! SEEMS LUKE'S ACCOMPLICE-- THE BANDIT WHO WAS KILLED-- SHOT THE SHERIFF! OF COURSE LUKE'S EQUALLY GUILTY, AND PROBABLY WILL SWING!



WHAT! THEN-- LUKE LIED TO ME!

BUT FIRST, I MOVED THE FRONT SIGHT OUT OF LINE, SO THAT IF LUKE TOOK CAREFUL AIM -- AS I FIGURED HE WOULD -- HE COULDN'T HELP MISSING ME!



JUST THE SAME, YUH TOOK A LONG CHANCE, VIG! WHEN I HOLLERED YUH'D BEEN KILLED-- AS WE'D ARRANGED-- I THOUGHT MAYBE IT WAS TRUE!

THE DOUBLE-CROSSER! HE'D HAVE SPOILED-- MY COLLECTION-- WITH A PHONY--

HE'S GONE--KILLED BY HIS OWN DEADLY HOBBY! AND ALL THAT WORRIED HIM AT THE END WAS THAT HE ALMOST FELL FOR A FAKE TROPHY!



SUDDENLY, IN THE SILENCE, A FAMILIAR VOICE RINGS OUT CLEARLY...

OH, LIFE'S HIGHWAY IS BLITHE AND GAY
FOR HONEST MEN WHO RIDE IT,
BUT THE OUTLAW'S TRAIL LEADS STRAIGHT
TO JAIL --
UNLESS HE DIES BESIDE IT!



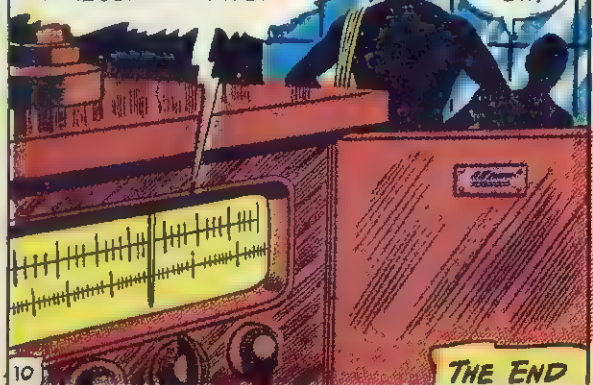
HUH--?

IT'S GREG!
BUT--
BUT--

...AND SO, WITH THIS TIMELY MUSICAL WARNING BY THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR, WE END OUR PROGRAM OF RECORDED MUSIC...

TIMELY, HE SAID! I GUESS IT WAS!

AND HOW!



THE UNIVERSE IS THE LIMIT

IN EVERY
ISSUE

OF

"THE
MAGAZINE
THAT UNLOCKS
THE SECRETS
OF THE
FUTURE!"

 **AMAZING**
TRIPS INTO THE
UNKNOWN!

 **ASTOUNDING**
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ON UNCHARTED
WORLDS!

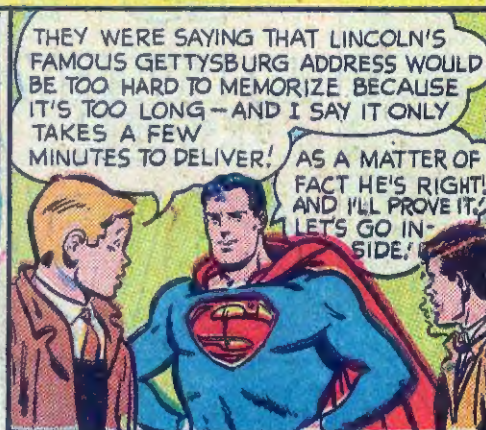
 **ASTONISHING**
EXPERIMENTS
OF SUPER-SCIENCE!



THE BRIGHTEST STARS
IN COMICS MAGAZINES BEAR
THIS FAMOUS SYMBOL
ON THE COVER!



SUPERMAN "HUMAN RIGHTS says: for ALL!"



IN ONE OF THE CLASSROOMS, FINGERS MOVING FASTER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW, **SUPERMAN** WRITES THE ENTIRE SPEECH ON THE BLACKBOARD IN A FRACTION OF A SECOND!

THERE! EXACTLY 267 WORDS! BUT THE POINT I WANT TO GET OVER IS THAT WHETHER ALVIN IS RIGHT OR WRONG, HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN **ALLOWED TO SPEAK!** THAT'S ONE REASON WHY WE'RE CELEBRATING THE BIRTHDAY OF LINCOLN, WHO FOUGHT TO PRESERVE THE HERITAGE OF OUR COUNTRY'S BILL OF RIGHTS!



"OTHER NATIONS FEEL THE SAME WAY. THE UNITED NATIONS COMMISSION ON HUMAN RIGHTS PREPARED A DECLARATION, IN WHICH THEY OUTLINED THIRTY RIGHTS EVERY HUMAN BEING IN THE WORLD SHOULD HAVE -- LIKE THE RIGHT TO SAY, WRITE AND READ WHAT YOU CHOOSE, WORSHIP AS YOU WISH, VOTE THE WAY YOU WANT."

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LET'S SEE TO IT THAT WE LIVE UP TO THIS IMPORTANT JOB AT HOME AND SUPPORT OUR UNITED NATIONS IN HELPING OTHER COUNTRIES TO LIVE UP TO IT, TOO. THAT WAY, THE WORLD CAN BE A SAFE AND HAPPY PLACE FOR *Everybody!*



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WAA WAA WAA

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